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A Brahman Worshipping the Sun.

(By Mrs. W. B. Capron, in 'Dayspring.')

The highest caste among the Hindus is the Brahmin. The Queen's son could not be more proud of his birth than is the poorest Brahmin. The most important ceremony of his life is the putting on the sacred thread. He is then said to be twice born. It is like putting on a crown, in that it brings him all the honors of his caste. Formerly, all lower castes when meeting the

lordly Brahmin would give him the sign of religious reverence, but this custom is passing away. This is owing to the fact that the Brahmins were once more confined to religious duties and temple worship. Now they are quite ready for clerkships and government employment, and business generally. Also, government schools and the railway tend to jostle together high and low.

Strict Brahmins say that two hours in the morning and two hours at evening are needed to perform worship as it should be.

On rising in the morning the Brahmin must go to the nearest stream or tank. He must throw water eight times over his head. He then dips three times in the water, repeating three prayers, and worships the rising sun. During this worship he touches various parts of his body with his wet hand. If he should sneeze, as is not uncommon on a chilly morning, he touches his right ear as a token of being restored. Fire, water, sun, moon, and air are all in the right ear of a Brahmin. He then closes his eyes and repeats many prayers in adoration of the sun. He then offers water to the sun. Again throwing water over himself eight times, he stands facing the east, repeating prayers. Brahmins who shorten the evening worship are generally careful to secure the morning duties. In some cases a household has its priest, and the members are called together to hear him repeat sentences or names of gods, and to see him go through various ceremonies. He has many little brass cups and spoons, and when I have seen these attempts at worship I have often been troubled because I could not realize that this was idol worship. It seemed like children playing at cooking, only the performer was a gray-haired man or one in the prime of life, and it seemed as if he ought to know better.

Were you in India you would see in the early morning these Brahmins going and coming to and from the tank or river. They always wash their own clothes, or, rather, they used to do so. A muslin cloth of three yards fastened about the waist, and another, worn as a mantle or as a turban, were the usual dress. So you would see the Brahmin coming from the water with the cloth about the waist quite wet, and the other just wrung out on his shoulder or in his hand. He would also be carrying a little, bright, shining, brass vessel full of water, which would be carefully kept for drinking water for the day. Now, however, through the influence of more refined ideas of dress, many wear jackets and such attire as requires starch and ironing, and the old-time customs pass away. But how can all this meaningless flourishing of water called morning devotions be changed for pure and true worship from the heart to a holy God? You do not need that I tell you.

The Successor.

(Cora S. Day, in 'American Messenger.')

'I'm so sorry,' said Margaret Whitney, and in that one little sentence she voiced the sentiment of all who belonged to or attended Oakville church.

It was a small country place and the church and its congregation corresponded in size—both were small. But if the most valuable things come in small quantities, as is often asserted, this little church was a good illustration of the truth. It was thoroughly alive and wide awake, and was blessed with a pastor whose energy and zeal seemed ever seeking for more work and wider fields in which to exercise themselves.

It was this desire and need of wider fields that brought the 'sorry' condition to the little flock. A call came to the active young pastor, inviting him to take charge of a large church in a near-by manufacturing town. He saw at once the larger field of work that awaited and needed him, and accepted, in spite of the protests of the people.

'You will find another who will fill the place as well, perhaps better, than I have done,' he said when they spoke of their regret that he was to leave them. And then he added, with a look of solemn conviction in his face:

'I am called. I must go,' and they could not answer that.

The first Sunday that saw a stranger in the pulpit was a shock to them all. Not only did they realize more keenly than before what they had lost, but when the candidate rose and stood before them to announce the opening hymn, their first feeling was one of disappointment in him. All that the recent pastor was, this man was not. He was old, but it was not so much age as overwork and ill-health that showed in his thin, furrowed face and stooping fig-

ure. His voice was weak and husky, and before the service was over, a cough told of weakened lungs that needed rest and watchful care.

'I think it's mean,' said Bessie Harris, walking home after service with a number of other girls; 'the idea of sending us a man like that as a possible future pastor! It makes me feel queer just to look at him, and that voice and dreadful cough—'

'Hush, Bess,' interposed one of the girls in a rather shocked tone, 'It's a shame to speak so about the poor man. I felt so sorry for him while he was preaching, he looked so feeble.

'Yes, he does,' joined in another girl, 'I felt sorry for him, too. I couldn't listen to the sermon or enjoy the service a bit, for I kept thinking all the time how hard it must be for him, when he is evidently worn out.'

'I should think a minister would retire when he gets unable to do his work. We surely can't call such a man to be our pastor,' said Flora MacIntyre, severely.

'Of course not. I suppose they sent him first in hopes of getting him settled and off their hands. When they find we won't call him, maybe they will send us something better,' said little May Clyde, with a wise nod of her head.

'I hope so,' said Margaret decidedly as she opened the home gate and bade the rest good-bye. They did not mean to be harsh in their judgment—these bright, happy young people—Christians all and members of the church for which they were so anxious to secure a good pastor. They did not dream how cruel they were, in this summary disposal of the candidate. Would that they might have seen him that afternoon alone in his room, and could have heard the husky voice whisper: 'Oh, Lord, thy will be done. If this be not the place for me, do thou lead me on.' Surely they could not have hardened their hearts against the man who put his future so trustingly into his Lord's hands; and though he had seen in the faces of the people, in spite of their pity, something that forbade him to hope that this might be the haven for which he longed, yet still trusted that God would provide for him.

It seemed as if the young people had voiced the sentiments of the entire congregation. They pitied the broken-down old minister, but they were not willing to call him to the vacant pulpit. They wanted a man of strength and energy, not one who was so evidently worn out with much previous serving.

It was really decided, before the mid-week prayer-meeting at which the vote was taken, that this candidate was not to be called.

And then, on the very morning of that day, came the letter that changed it all.

It was from their former pastor, and in its sentences they could almost hear the ring of his beloved voice.

'I am more glad than I can express,' it said, 'to hear that poor old Mr. Nelson has been sent to you; for there is thus given to you an opportunity of a life-time to do God's work in accepting this man for your pastor. His life has been as truly a martyrdom as was the death of any saint of old. He gave his life, when it was young, to home mission work, and for thirty years has been doing in the north and west a work that only God can appreciate or reward. He lost his wife in a blizzard five years ago—she was going to meet him on his way home from a distant meeting and was lost in the storm—and he and his noble daughter have since carried on the work together.

'The climate got hold of him at last, however, and he has come East, hoping to get a little church where he can support himself and daughter, and recruit his failing health. He is a wonderful man, with a wonderful record in Heaven, I am sure, and as I said it is your opportunity, even more than his. I have no doubt what your decision will be.'

He had no doubt of their decision!

Neither had they, before the letter came, but now it was all in such a different light that they hardly knew what to think. Not their benefit—not what would please them most—but their opportunity—the opportunity of a lifetime—to do God's work.

The letter came to Elder Whitney, and he read it aloud to his family. Margaret's eyes were shining before he was through, and when he read the last sentence she sprang up excitedly.

'I'm so ashamed of what I said to the girls last Sunday, about hoping they would send us a better man,' she said, 'I'm going to vote for this one and I hope every one else will too. May I tell the girls about the letter?'

'Certainly. I'm afraid we were all inclined to think only of our needs, and not at all of the minister's,' said her father, thoughtfully.

Margaret made a very enthusiastic advocate, and before the evening meeting all the young people of the church and a good many of the older ones knew the story of the candidate and were enlisted on his side. More consciences were aroused at the prayer meeting when Elder Whitney rose and read the letter, and when the vote was taken after the meeting the result was unanimously in favor of the Rev. Mr. Nelson.

It is quite needless to say that the call was accepted, after the minister had thanked God for this answer to his prayers and needs.

They—the new pastor and his daughter—were soon settled in their new home and work. Daughter and congregation united, with unspoken, sympathetic understanding, in keeping all burdens off the narrow, bent shoulders of the pastor. He was cared for in a way that he had never known in all his hard-working life, by the entire congregation; and it was all done in a way that made it seem the perfectly natural and proper way to treat a minister.

In less than a year they had their reward. Under their care and kindness the pastor grew well and strong once more, and almost before they realized it they found that he had become a real leader, and in his ringing tones and shining eyes they caught the thrill of that zeal that had driven him on in the past, even to the gates of death. And never was the Oakville church in a stronger, healthier, more flourishing condition than it became under the charge of 'the successor.'

Through the Strait Gate

In a garden one exquisite summer afternoon, just after the limes had blossomed and were filled with the murmur of the bees, I was standing with a friend by his beehives. He is an enthusiast for bees. Empires may rock to ruin, but so long as the shock does not disturb his bees he can view with equanimity the wreck of worlds.

He told me many things which were immensely interesting, such as the rigor with which the sentinels watch the entrance to the hive, the quickness of sight by which bees are able to discern the distant clover field, the laws which determine their swarming and settling, and many similar items, But I was most interested by the following, which I give on his authority.

When the bee is in its earliest stage of existence, it is shut up in a hexagonal cell, with a store of honey on which it feeds, like the little chick which lives on the white serous matter stored for it in the egg. The cell is closed with a capsule of wax. By degrees the bee consumes this store, grows too big to be contained in the cell, and prepares, guided by a God-given instinct, to force its way into the outer air.

Between it and liberty, however, stands that capsule of wax, as formidable as the iron gate that intervened between Peter and the home of Mary, with all that it meant. However, there is no way of getting through but by forcing a passage, which straightway it essays to do. It is not easy, however, 'Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way.' Thereupon ensues a process of striving, struggling, pushing—I know of no word that so well describes the process as the old Greek word 'agonizing'; and so at last the bee gets through, and on the other side finds itself possessed of wings.

What has happened? Ah, in the process of struggling through, the delicate membrane by which its gauze-like wings were bound to its sides gets rubbed away, and the wings are able to unfurl themselves. I have not met a better illustration of the method which God adopts with us all, to give us powers to soar, to fly, to do our best work, in this world and the next. It is only through much tribulation that we enter the Kingdom, only through strong crying and tears that we attain its maturest, noblest life. Often in young life troubles come so crushing and overpowering that it seems impossible to get through them; yet how often these are the very crises when we become delivered from our fetters, when we burst the restraining membrane and acquire our wings!

My friend told me that on one occasion a moth managed to get into the hive. It did no damage to honey or bees, but contented itself with eating off the wax capsules by which the cells were sealed. The result was that the bees within the cells had a very easy time of it. The door stood wide open, and they had nothing to do but walk out into the hive; but they appeared amid their brethren and sisters without wings. They were therefore good for nothing, were stung to death, and their bodies thrust ignominiously out of the hive.

How often we shrink from painful experiences, thinking that they will maim us for life, not knowing that it is a wise Providence that refuses to hear our cries and tears, and urges us on in spite of all! Without that loss of money, that sore disappointment, that bitter sorrow, that accident or illness, you would be without wings—never yours the clover fields, never yours the limes, never yours the busy life of gathering and storing and contributing to the well-being of the world.—Rev. F. B. Meyer, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

The Belgian administration has issued an order prohibiting the sale or consumption of intoxicating drinks in the vicinity of the Chambers during the sittings of Parliament and henceforth only tea, coffee and other non-intoxicants will be obtainable by the legislators during the sessions.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Theodora's Ten Tickets.

(By Mary Whiting Adams, in 'Wellspring.')

'You'll take ten, Miss Gray? Oh, that's delightful! I wish every one else was as willing to help as you are. I'm sure you'll have no trouble in selling them all, for it is really going to be a fine concert.'

Mrs. Armitage smiled beamingly upon Theodora, and turned away to speak to somebody else, leaving the ten slips of blue cardboard in the girl's hand. Theodora had always admired Mrs. Armitage. She was a girl who loved beautiful things, and whose daily surroundings were entirely unbeautiful; and just to look at this charming, high-bred young matron, with her atmosphere of grace and luxury and loveliness, as she sat in the Armitage pew wrapped in her furs or her laces, with her two golden-haired children beside her, brought a satisfaction to Theodora.

As for Theodora, she sat all alone in the gallery of the church. Her mother was too busy—so she said—to come to church, and her father too tired after his week's work. The real reason—others said—was that the Grays had been better off once, and now were poor, and were too proud to come in shabby clothes. But Theodora had been trained to come to church as a child, and—perhaps because of a faithful Sunday-school teacher, who kept her up to it—had never lost the habit of attendance. She was tired, too, often enough, after her week's work of typewriting and stenography in a dingy down-town office, where there was never enough light and air, but more than enough to do; but Sunday always saw her in her place. Mrs. Newland, the head of the Ladies' Auxiliary, had noticed her lately, and found her a useful helper; and Theodora had felt glad to have some part in the church doings. So, when it was announced in the Auxiliary meeting that a concert was to be given next month for the Home for Cripples, under Mrs. Armitage's direction, and that the ladies of the church were asked to help in selling the tickets, she was quite ready to do what she could.

'It isn't for the church, in any way, you know, ladies,' explained Mrs. Armitage; 'but there are members on our board from nearly every church in the city, and so we hope to interest each church to help us. I am sure that fifty tickets could be easily sold among our church members, if some of the young ladies here would take charge of the matter.'

She looked round appealingly, and her eyes rested on Theodora's face. Theodora could not help it; she responded at once, and others followed suit. It seemed such a little thing to do for the crippled children, especially when one could not give in any other way. Theodora went home with her tickets in quite a joyous frame of mind.

Her mother sighed, and shook her head. 'You must want work, Theodora, to put yourself out that way for those fashionable folks. It's more than they'd do for you, if you were starving.' Theodora never argued with her mother; she went and put the tickets in her drawer, and said no more about them at home. Inwardly she was the more resolved to sell every one of them.

It proved easier than she had thought. As Mrs. Armitage had said, it was going to be a good concert. Mrs. Armitage knew about music, and any concert she planned was worth hearing, people thought. Theodora sold her ten tickets, and could have sold more if she had had them. The money was safe in an envelope in her drawer long before the day set by Mrs. Armitage for each ticket seller to bring in her account. It would be better, it occurred to Theodora, to change the worn and dirty bills and the loose change into crisp new ones, before handing them in; and accordingly, one day, she carried the money down-town to get it changed at the office.

Then—how it happened was never known—a great misfortune came on her. The envelope containing the fifteen dollars was lost. There was a new janitor that week, and an office boy who was discharged a fortnight after as too useless for even an office boy. It might have been either of these

MR. ARMITAGE LOOKED AT HER SO KEENLY.

latter two who were the thieves, or even one of the clerks, who were a cheap and unsatisfactory lot, always shirking their work and complaining of their wages. Theodora had never liked the office, and only worked there because, though skilful and industrious, she had so far found no other opening. She searched her desk and the floor about it, frantically; she questioned everybody; she offered a small reward. In vain; the money had vanished as if swallowed up completely. 'I don't believe she ever had it to lose,' whispered one clerk, audibly, to another; 'she's always putting on airs!' and the office boy grinned mockingly at the whisper.

Poor Theodora! She went home, locked herself up, and had a good cry. What should she do, with fifteen dollars to pay, and nothing with which to pay it? Her monthly salary was not due until three days after her ticket account must be rendered; and she had counted upon getting new shoes and a new jacket, which she sorely needed, out of it. 'I wish I'd never heard of the Home for Cripples!' she sobbed. She did not dare tell her mother, for she well knew that reproaches and allusions would be endless. There was no one of whom she could borrow, and no possibility of getting the money in time. Theodora did the only thing she could; she waited three or four days, till all hope of recovering the bills was gone; and then she went bravely to see Mrs. Armitage.

'What a pity!' said Mrs. Armitage, when the story of the loss was told. 'But, my dear Miss Gray, you must not feel obliged to replace the money. If you had not sold any tickets, you could have turned in no money, and we can call this just the same thing.'

'No, for then I should have had the tickets to turn in. This is different,' said Theodora.

Mrs. Armitage looked perplexed. She was warm-hearted, and she had not always been rich. She knew what this loss of fifteen dollars meant to a girl like Theodora. 'But

you know,' she argued, 'that the expenses of the concert do not amount to so very much. The actual cost of each seat would not amount to over fifty cents, for the singers give their services. Suppose you turn in just that—the actual cost, and you see there will be no loss.'

'But there are ten persons going to that concert, and they paid full price for the tickets, expecting the money to go to the Home. I am responsible, because they gave it to me. I have thought it all out, you see, Mrs. Armitage. It's just simple honesty.'

'My dear,' said Mrs. Armitage, genuinely worried, 'it will take all the pleasure out of my concert if I feel that you, who were so kindly willing to help me, have lost fifteen dollars by your kindness. Will you not,'—she hesitated a little, 'will you not, as a favor, allow me to assume the thing, and attend to it myself? I really cannot let you'—

'I really cannot let you, either, Mrs. Armitage,' broke in Theodora. The sensitive nerve of her independence had been touched, and Mrs. Armitage realized that her offer was a mistake. 'I must insist on paying fully for the tickets; and I would not have mentioned the matter to you at all if I had been able to pay at once.'

'And she went off,' confided Mrs. Armitage to her husband afterwards, 'like a princess, with head in the air, while I felt very small indeed. It's most uncomfortable, Fred; she will go without shoes and gloves and car fare, to make it up; I know she will. And I would not have had to deny myself anything whatever in order to pay for the tickets. Why can't people be reasonable.'

'Some people are honest first, and reasonable afterwards,' said Mr. Armitage; 'and I like them the better for it, myself.'

'But other girls have lost tickets or ticket money before, in my experience, and not insisted on making it up when they were told they needn't,' objected his wife. 'Most young people are as careless as they can be about tickets.'

'All the better for this girl, then,' returned Mr. Armitage, stoutly. 'You know I don't approve of this ticket-selling business for charities, anyway, Fanny. If people only gave outright, as they ought, such uncomfortable things as this couldn't happen. It's hard on the girl, and it isn't her fault; but it shows what first-rate principles she has, and how bravely she lives up to them. I'd like to have seen her turn on you—for you deserved it, my dear!' and Mr. Armitage laughed. 'Where does she sit in church?'

Theodora did not know why the next Sunday Mr. Armitage looked at her so keenly, while his wife stopped after church to shake hands with her. But it pleased her thoroughly to feel how Mrs. Armitage, with all her style and fashion, met her simply as an equal and a friend in that greeting.

'She understood,' thought Theodora; 'she knew I didn't mean to be rude, but I just had to refuse. I guess I can give fifteen dollars cheerfully, though I didn't mean to give it at all,' and she forgot her worn shoes and her thin jacket, and felt a glow at her heart that helped her to be brave.

Nevertheless, it was hard that winter. Shoes will not last beyond a certain point, and the jacket question had been a vital one even the year before. Then, to add to the burden, Mr. Gray fell sick, and for a fortnight was unable to go to his work. Medicines and doctors are costly, and Theodora was not able, all winter long, to overtake those fifteen dollars once paid out. She went to church, but she hurried out so that her shabby appearance might not be noticed. Yet, in spite of it all, she felt a queer exultation in the cause of these things. 'It isn't like suffering for doing wrong,' she said to herself; 'it's for doing right. Honesty is better than new shoes, any day, and I ought to be glad of the test of whether I'm really honest or just pretending to be.'

It was a test that was more real and fruitful than Theodora knew. She was a good deal astonished when, in the spring, she received a letter asking her to call the next day at Mr. Armitage's office. It was only a short distance from her employer's, so she hurried round, wondering. The chief clerk ushered her at once into the private office of the firm, where Mr. Armitage was sitting before a desk crowded with papers.

'Miss Gray,' he began, without preface, 'I want a successor to my private secretary, who is going to be married. She has given me six months' notice, and she is willing to train her successor during that time. I have been making inquiries about you, and I understand you are an excellent typewriter and stenographer. So far, so good; but, you understand, on your side, that other things are necessary for a private secretary—system, discretion, memory, and so on. Whether you have these or not I do not know. It will take a month or two to find out. Are you willing to come into the office on condition that, if you should not take the secretaryship, a position quite equal to the one you leave shall be guaranteed to you?'

Theodora was stunned. All she could say was, 'I am quite willing, Mr. Armitage,' but her flushed cheek and sparkling eyes showed how much she appreciated the surprising offer.

'Very well, Miss Gray,' said Mr. Armitage. 'How soon can you report for work? The first of next month? Very well. We will consider the matter concluded, then.' He touched the bell, and the dignified clerk conducted Theodora out again, dazed but happy in her new prospects.

'I can do it! I will do it!' she said to herself, as she walked along as if on air. 'I know I'm systematic, I hope I'm discreet, and I always had a good memory. If hard work will do it, I'll be as good a secretary as he can find.' Mr. Armitage, at his desk, nodded his head in approving retrospect, and reflected: 'She'll do. Good face, plenty of will, plenty of sense, reliable to the core and that's the great thing. I'm glad I thought of it. Well, she'll not lose by those ten tickets in the end!'

Which was quite true, as the private secretary can testify to-day. 'Those blessed ten tickets! they were a very dark cloud, but what a silver lining they turned out to have in the end!' she says to herself, as she remembers them—which she does often, for memory, as will be recollected, was one of her qualifications for her new occupation.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Business men of New York city, who employ twenty thousand boys, have determined to give the preference to boys who do not smoke cigarettes.

A Girl's Influence.

(By Mrs. Clement Farley, in 'Ledger Monthly.'

It would astonish noisy, vain girls, conspicuous in the street and attracting disrespectful notice wherever they go, to suddenly realize that years hence they should have been among the causes which made it possible, for generations to come, to read that the young girls of our time lacked refinement in manners and dress and were not modest in public places.

It would seem of little moment to any one but themselves and their parents, how Jennie and Bessie looked and walked as they went briskly to their desks in some office; yet their ladylike hats, their suitable and refined working dresses, their intelligent faces, their gentle yet business-like manner, have distinct bearing on the estimate made of our country by observant travellers to-day and shall be an element of importance when our record is written for those who are to follow us hereafter. Each of our lives has a bearing on the story of advancement in the mighty new century into which we have just entered.

It may seem nothing, but, dear girls, it is a great gift which is put into our hands, this power of influence; and the poor girl who is struggling hard to make an honorable living and her rich neighbor, whose material endowments are so great, have almost equal power to do good. The character of the women of our country, and therefore the character of the homes of our country, lies as much in the power of the one as the other. Perhaps the greater opportunity to do good lies with the poorer girl, for the exceptions are the rich; the majority of the inhabitants of every land are the workers.

And it is all so simple, because the effort lies in our own control since we must begin with ourselves; preaching what we do not practice is a waste of words and time.

A sweet, dainty, refined girl needs to say little as she stands among her fellows. A careless, untidy, vulgar neighbor immediately begins to change her hair-pins and tries to gather up her straggling locks; she straightens her collar and tightens her belt, and feels her disorder in every fibre of her neglected self.

There is an actual envy which arises when the dweller in a shabby, disorderly home is confronted with the charm and comfort of a room made lovely by care and cleanliness. The same furniture, the same space, the same expenditure may have produced these unequal results, and the sunshine through clean pane and snowy curtain may woo the aroused observer quickly to emulate her neighbor.

To try to brighten your own life and with steadfast endeavor keep yourself on the upward path, is to inspire like endeavors in others. To strive to increase the good order of beauty and comfort of your own home, is to set your neighbor to work with paint pot and brushes, and sends him forth to tidy up the refuse the winds have carried to his door. And when you really take to heart that your example and record have their share in your country's welfare and affect her history, it does seem worth living up to your ideal even if you do it with a great effort.

FORMING ONE'S OWN CONCLUSIONS.

Try to think out what you would like to see improved in your own little circle. Do not wait for some society to be formed, or a town meeting to be held, but form your own judgments as to what would be a gain

to yourself, to your home, to your village or town. If you had the ordering of things, what would you like to see accomplished in the next ten years?

If you would earnestly think this out you would find yourself strongly incited to see what you could do to bring these changes about. First you would wish for them, then you would try for them, that is, if you were a girl of any force and character, and then you would see what you could do to insure their accomplishment.

Suppose you care for books and are not able to buy them, what a blessing a lending library would be to your neighborhood and town. How easy to set the thing in motion by getting together a few volumes—ten would make a fair beginning—which a little energy could procure by co-operation. The circulating of ten good second-hand books, through ten families, is with steadiness and perseverance bound to be the germ of a good lending library in a short time. Try it! That would be a germ for the future historian to write: 'By the sensible and intelligent efforts of the young women, circulating libraries were started in almost every town.'

Perhaps you live in a village where nothing is done to beautify the streets? Let it be your aim to cultivate a love of flowers and trees in your neighbors. Plant a lovely vine at your door and make a bed of flowers in your front yard. I know a place in which not a flower was seen two years ago, where seeing the beauty of one small border, planted with bright blossoms against a fence green with ivy, has created an absolute enthusiasm for flowers, and the whole neighborhood is aglow with color all the summer through. Try what a bed of geraniums will do, where no one plants flowers. You will do something for the new century if you take care of them and make them blossom.

If some of the warm-hearted young women who come back after a year or two of enjoyment and enlightenment abroad would economize on themselves and their luxuries in order to enlarge the centres of cultivation in their own land, it would be a marvel to the world how public taste and true education advanced in America in the next twenty years. Would not such a result be a glorious end toward which to look ahead?

To such of us as cannot give pictures or add any form of beauty to our vicinities, there are many easy and practicable opportunities of lifting the tired thoughts of weary people into pleasant channels of information and improvement. The establishment of lending portfolios of photographs, managed just as circulating libraries are carried on, has been a source of great delight and improvement.

Each of you, from young women with the power intrusted to Miss Gould to the little cash-girl whose tired feet run so briskly on such simple errands, has an influence, and holds it easily in her own grasp, to contribute to the character of her generation and the advance and civilization of her country.

Your maidenly modesty, your personal dress, manner and conversation; your aid in purifying and beautifying your homes; your relations to young men; your behaviour in society or in your places of business; your reverence for God and your faithfulness to the divine precepts of your Saviour—all will tell to an enormous degree in determining whether the twentieth century makes us a greater, nobler nation.

Dear girls, lend your hands and hearts and minds to the upward growth of your generation.

Fishing for Birds.

(By Frank H. Sweet, in 'The Morning Star.')

Fred Archer was not a cruel boy, but like many others he was apt to regard birds and animals as legitimate prey, and rarely paused to consider the amount of suffering his amusement might mean to them.

His father was skipper and half-owner of one of those quaint fishing boats which pass most of their time off the banks and along the shoals of the New England and Newfoundland coasts, only going into port at rare intervals to discharge cargo and refit with supplies for another voyage.

Fred was only twelve, but he was strong and daring for his age, and nothing pleased him better than to accompany his father on these long trips. Sometimes they saw huge icebergs in the distance; and often their vessel, the 'Flying Scud,' bounded merrily through great schools of porpoises, causing the strange-looking creatures to paddle

WITH A WARNING SHOUT HE DESCENDED THE SHROUDS.

hurriedly to the right and left. Fred liked to lean over the stern of the vessel and watch them, and to gaze deep down into the water at the schools of cod and mackerel or menhaden, which they occasionally entered. But better than all, he liked to climb high up into the rigging and gaze out across the ocean at passing vessels and lighthouses and distant points of land, and to watch the sea-gulls and other birds, which were nearly always flying about or following the vessel.

A favorite amusement was to bait a hook and allow it to swing from the shrouds at the end of a long line. When one of the hungry birds was caught he would let it struggle awhile and then release it, and bait the hook for another. Generally the bird would not be so hurt but it could fly away, but sometimes one of them would only go a short distance and then would fall heavily into the sea to be devoured by hungry fish.

One day Fred was clinging to the shrouds engaged in his favorite amusement. He had fastened the line to a stay and the hook was now hanging below him, swayed to and fro by the wind, and around it were circling and darting the hungry birds that were attracted by the piece of pork with which it was baited. Suddenly a bird swept toward the pork, struggled frantically with the hook for a moment, and then tore itself away, dropping the pork into the sea as it flew. But evidently it had suffered in the encounter, for presently it began to sag toward the water, then rose desperately, only to sag again.

Fred watched it with increasing interest, and perhaps with a feeling of regret in his heart.

Then he saw two other birds leave the circling flock and fly swiftly to their wounded companion, one on each side, and after a moment of apparent earnest consultation, all three rose slowly into the air and moved away toward a faintly visible point of land. Fred watched them until they were out of sight, wondering if the two birds were merely encouraging their friend, or if they were really buoying him up with their own wings.

A sudden rush below caused him to look down. Encouraged by his preoccupation several of the birds were closing in toward the pork. With a warning shout, he descended the shroud, swinging one of his arms as he did so to drive off the birds. Then he caught the line and wound it about the hook, and placed both of them in his pocket. And from that time on there were no more ambushed hooks allowed to hang from the shrouds to entice hungry birds.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Builder of the 'Ruhu-l-Lah.'

(Elizabeth Patterson, in the 'Christian Uplook.')

Kach Cha, the unbaked, was the name he gave when he came to them at Jellasore and offered his services in whatever capacity the sahib might wish. He was a native of the country they were going through, he said, and could guide them expeditiously and cheaply.

Dr. Graylie hesitated. The man was evidently shrewd and fertile in resources, and could be invaluable if he would; but was he to be trusted? He remembered the night of their first meeting, and tried to read the strange, inscrutable face before him, which might be a mask for anything.

A queer little cough drew his attention to his son, Harry.

'What is it, Harry?' he asked.

The boy looked doubtfully from him to Kach Cha.

'Why, I—I thought his name was Avenzoar,' he stammered. 'He called himself that when he was telling Jack and me about his life on the Jordan.'

The man smiled composedly.

'That was long ago,' he commented, 'when I made a living by sharing the goods of travellers who were foolish enough to go without guards. Afterwards I was Bajah, the slave-catcher of Ajmeer, feared from the Mara to the Whurdah; and then, as my pouch grew heavy with just rewards, I became a slave dealer at Joonah, where I was Ahmed Ibn Ishak. It was but the progress of time and worth. Now I am Kach Cha, a native of this land, and ready to do the sahib's will.'

'But you cannot be a native of all these places,' said Dr. Graylie, 'and you certainly can have but one real name.'

'It is as may be,' he answered. 'The past is no more, and a man's name should go with the change. And surely one should be a native of the land in which he dwells. What would you have sahib? Would Avenzoar, the robber, serve you as well as Kach Cha, the native guide? The sahib knows better.'

Dr. Graylie looked at him keenly. Was the man impudent? or was he merely stating his mind? His face gave no hint.

'I will let you know to-morrow, Kach Cha,' he said at length. 'You may come for an answer at this hour.'

But as the man salaamed and left the room, the Doctor had already made up his mind. The little party had been waiting a week now for supplies and men, and he was anxious to get established in the new mission on the Sone before the rainy season commenced. Good men were hard to get, and this one was unquestionably more experienced and capable than the average. He would bear watching, of course; but so would most of them; and somehow, Dr. Graylie had felt a strange impulse to trust this man whom his reason declared against, for his experience the night before had been calculated to inspire anything but confidence. It was the night of their arrival, and Dr. Graylie had been awakened by the consciousness of something moving in his room. By the dim moonlight which came through an open shutter, he made out a shadowy form gliding among his baggage. As it approached the bed he feigned sleep, and soon felt a hand stealing under his pillow and about his shoulders so lightly that had he been asleep he could not have detected it. But as the figure turned away with his watch and purse he threw out a hand, trained by college athletics, and caught the shoulder of the intruder in a grip of iron. There was a convulsive squirming and twisting and the momentary gleam of a knife; then his nocturnal visitor found himself sitting upon the floor of earth coolly watched by a pair of eyes from the bed.

'The sahib has a strong arm,' he said, admiringly, as he caressed his shoulder. 'It is quicker than the lead birds of the little guns. Will the sahab kill me now, or will he shut me up in the strong house?'

'Neither,' answered Dr. Graylie, quietly. 'You may leave the things you took and go in peace. I am not here to punish.'

'But the sahib conquered me in the act,' persisted the man. 'He has the right of disposal. Up in the slave districts we used to kill; down here in the towns they shut up.' He rubbed his hand thoughtfully over the top of his head. 'Twenty years have I been picking up things,' he went on, 'but never have I been caught like this, and conquered—and now the sahib will do nothing.'

He placed the watch and purse upon the bed and moved toward the entrance. There he paused.

'Does the sahib want some one to look after his things?' he insinuated. 'I would like to be the sahib's man.'

'No, I do not need you,' was the answer. 'Now, get along; and mind, don't let me hear of your being in this sort of work again.'

The next day the man had returned as composed and imperturbable as though nothing had happened, and begun to court favor with the boys by telling them stories of the jungle, and of his own wild life. It was after this that he had offered his services in whatsoever capacity the sahib might wish. The next day he was engaged as a hunter and guide, and the following morning the small party set out for the new mission on the Sone.

The third day out the rains struck them, and they were obliged to go into camp. There Kach Cha became suddenly and alarmingly ill with malignant fever. Without telling anybody, he stole off into the bushes to die, his experience being that they would abandon him as a matter of course, as he in their place would have done. So when one of the boys sought him out, and had him carried to a comfortable bed in camp, the puzzled look which he had worn during the last few days became yet more puzzled. They all took turns at nursing; and during the ten days of illness and convalescence, Kach Cha's deep, inscrutable eyes roved frequently from one face to another, as though they would solve the problem of humanity which seemed so strange and incomprehensible. But, the journey once more resumed, his face was as impassive and mask-like as ever.

At length the mission was but four hours away, three hours, two hours; then suddenly they came to a branch of the Sone—wild, turbid, and apparently impassable. Dr. Graylie shuddered as he looked upon the swirling waters. He had heard that a white trader had been drowned here the season before, and that natives were frequently lost in attempting to swim the flood or to paddle themselves across on logs. But it was even more dangerous to remain where they were, for the ground was soft and spongy and reeking with fever. So they built a raft, which occupied them two days, making it as strong and secure as possible, and launched it at a point where the water seemed more quiet. It bore them safely across, with the loss of only a few of their provisions.

'Thank God!' said Dr. Graylie, fervently, as the raft touched the farther shore and all sprang off. And then he remarked: 'If only a good, strong boat could be kept here, in charge of a reliable man who understood the river and its dangers, it would mean a vast amount of good for the community and the saving of many lives. It is another bit of God's work that is waiting for the right man.'

Kach Cha was standing to his waist in water, holding the raft, his face unexpressive of any relief in safety as it had been unexpressive of anxiety in danger, and if he heard Dr. Graylie's remark, he gave no sign. When all was in readiness to start again, he came forward and held out his hand.

'The journey's end is but a little way over the hill,' he said, 'and there is no more use for me. I will now bid the sahib goodbye in his own way—I will be glad to touch the sahib's hand in friendship.'

'But are you not going on with us?' asked Dr. Graylie, in surprise.

'There is no need, sahib. My journey ends here.'

'Well, perhaps you can do better for yourself by going back, Kach Cha; but I have hoped you would see your way to staying with us a while.' He took out his purse, but Kach Cha raised his hands in quick denial.

'Not that, sahib. Give me the tools we used in making the raft—the axe and the saws and hammers and bits, and some nails and a little rice. That will be enough.'

It was ten days later when the two boys on one of their tramps again drew near the ford, where they were surprised to see a small native hut built upon the bank above the river, and to hear the rasping z z z-r, z z z-r of a saw. The door of the hut stood open, so the boys went forward to look in; there, upon his knees, before the keel of a boat, was Kach Cha, drawing back and forth the bowsprit, which was sending the twirling bit deep into the wood.

The boys, when they returned, told their father what they had seen; but he was busy, and it was another month before he was ready to go down himself to see what Kach Cha was doing. By that time the boat was finished—a strong, well-built craft, which excited Dr. Graylie's admiration, as he looked at it.

'Ah! and what are you going to do with such a boat in a place like this?' he asked.

Kach Cha turned and regarded him steadily; and now, for the first time in his experience with the man, Dr. Graylie saw the face without its mask; and something he read there, a glimpse of the soul of the man through the deep-set eyes, made his face warm suddenly.

'You don't mean, Kach Cha,' he began.

'Yes, sahib, I shall be ferryman here. I have some money, and will buy provisions; and I will study the river. Those who have means shall pay me, and those who have not shall use my boat and food without cost. I have been in many lands, sahib, and have seen many things; and I have studied men. Because you puzzled me, I worked for you to watch more. I have found that your

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

Stony Ground.

(W. Rye Leigh, in 'The Methodist Recorder.')

'Mother, dearest, I do feel so disheartened,' and Nora Wilman knelt down on the rug at her mother's feet and put her head on her lap. 'It's weary work, for they don't seem the least bit interested in what I say and they don't seem to take the slightest notice.'

'My poor child!' replied the mother, stroking her daughter's fair hair with her thin white hands. 'It is hard work, but it is the Master's. Have they been more than usually troublesome?'

'No, not more than usual. It isn't that, so much as their indifference. It's like talking to the deaf. They simply listen and don't hear apparently and there is no encouragement—none whatever.'

'What did you speak to them about this afternoon, dear?'

'Oh, the old story. It's no use preparing grand lessons and besides I'm not brilliant. I'm a very ordinary young person, you know, mother. I told them about Jesus and the mansions he has gone to prepare. It was all old. But there was one little girl who seemed to listen—a little ragged creature about twelve years old. Nobody knew her and she would not tell her name, but she said "'Appen,' when I asked her if she would come again. I don't think she understood much, though I tried to be simple.'

'Well, cheer up, my own Nora,' replied the mother; 'you have done what you could. You have planted the seed, you must leave results with God. You will not sow in vain.'

'But I sow on stony ground, I fear,' responded Nora.

* * * * * * *

It was a close, murky night in November. The footpaths were wet and greasy and an unpleasant mist hung about the walls of the great warehouses and stretched like a thin veil across the broad streets. It was a real city mist, flavored with soot and decidedly unpalatable—the kind of mist that leaves a grimy deposit on one's face and hands and clings to the hair on a man's lip in a heavy dew. Through it a succession of fixed taper lights glimmered faintly for a considerable distance, with here and there a few even fainter moving ones. The stationary ones belonged to the street lamps and the others to the great tramcars whose bells clanged with incessant monotony.

Few pedestrians were to be seen, for it was nearly 9 o'clock at night and there was nothing attractive out of doors; but the public houses were full enough as was evidenced by the shadows on their brilliantly-lighted windows, even if the uproar had not borne witness to another sense.

When David Middleton had turned the key in the lock of his warehouse door and put his knee against it to make sure that it was securely fastened, he volunteered the information that it was a 'beastly night.' As nobody was present to dispute the statement, he proceeded to dispute it himself, which was a habit he had, for David Middleton was a local preacher of a discriminating and controversial turn of mind, and theoretically he did not approve of objurgating the weather. That was his own phrase—objurgating—and he turned it over in his mind and rather liked it.

But theory and practice often come into conflict, as David knew right well, and it was his daily endeavor to make his deeds tie with his beliefs.

It was hard work sometimes, and it had never been harder than on this very November day. He had had several weeks of bad trade and, as if to make matters worse, the little trade he had seemed to be going all wrong. His dyers had made bad matchings, and his clerks had made mistakes in their invoices, while his very office boy had 'crossed the correspondence' of two particular customers by putting their letters into wrong envelopes after he had taken the press copies. Worst of all, he had lost his temper, and when his conscience had reminded him of the fact—which it had done promptly—he had intimated that he didn't care, which was not true.

He had set out in the morning with the anticipation of a better day. He had persuaded himself that things were going to mend. He had been despondent of late, but he had determined to be despondent no more.

Then the mist had come and crept into his office and got into his clerks' brains—'What bit they had,' as he had sarcastically observed to them—and had made the gloomy room gloomier, so that he had switched the electric light on savagely when he came in from lunch at 2 o'clock and sat down at his desk to enjoy his misery.

When 5 o'clock came and the mail had not brought the large check on which he was depending for a bill that had to be met the next day, he had grown more despondent still, and he had sat in his office gazing on his blotting-pad and drumming the desk with his fingers until 6 o'clock came. Then he had touched a bell and told the clerk who answered his call that nobody need wait, as he had still some business to do, and resumed his meditative drumming.

He was 'having it out with his conscience.' David Middleton's conscience was a valued old servant and a staunch friend, and David appreciated it as a good man should, but he was often snappy with it—it was so blunt.

His friend had been speaking to him very plainly for the last hour and David was sulky. He knew he was in the wrong and was not disposed to admit it. So when the last mail had been delivered at half-past eight, and there was still no letter with the Manchester postmark, David had made use of a hasty expression—not recognized as current in the local-preachers' meeting, and banged to the door with unnecessary violence. Then he upbraided the weather, as we saw just now. He objurgated it.

He walked slowly along the street objecting to himself that such an epithet as 'beastly' could not be rationally applied to a bodiless think like weather, and, being a local preacher, he based his objection on three grounds: First, that it was not only senseless but derogatory to the lower creation to apply such an adjective to the inanimate. Second, that it was not for short-sighted mortals to criticise the designs of omniscience (making the while a mental note to consider whether soot in the atmosphere, being preventable, could properly be considered as included in such designs) and thirdly—but he never reached thirdly, because he became conscious that a small child of ten or thereabouts was staring up into his eyes with an inquiring look upon a face preternaturally old and wise.

She was standing directly beneath a gas lamp at the bottom of a dim side-street and the light fell upon a mass of tangled hair, devoid of covering, and upon a ragged frock of nondescript color and shape. She wore boots and stockings, too, or rather she wore what once had been and were still intended to represent such.

David stopped and looked at her. It was evident that she wished to speak to him and he did not think she wanted to beg, so he said: 'Well?'

The child clearly considered this encouraging and answered with a question of her own.

'Please, sir, are ye a parson?'

Now David Middleton affected a rather clerical style of dress. He wore a soft, flat, felt hat, such a hat as many non-conformist preachers wear, and a little black tie which left exposed a fair expanse of white shirt front and he was always dressed in a dark-gray suit, so that the little questioner's inference was obvious and brought a smile to David Middleton's face.

'A parson, lassie?' he inquired; 'what do you want with a parson?'

'Don't want nothink with 'im, I don't,' retorted the child stolidly. ''Tisn't me 'at wants 'im, it's our Jinny. Our Jinny's bad 'an goin' to die an' they've sent me out to seek a parson an' I've to fetch 'im back wi' me.'

'And who is Jinny; is she your sister?' asked David.

The child nodded.

'She's older nor me—not much; I don't know 'ow much; 'appen a year. She's bad wi' t' inflammation an' she can't last.'

She spoke in the driest and most matter-of-fact tone, as though she were detailing a story in which she had no personal interest. She had been educated in a hard school—kicked up, not brought up.

David Middleton hesitated.

'Have you a father?' he asked.

'Ay, wuss luck,' was the answer in the same lifeless monotone; 'an' a mother an' all. I wish I 'adn't.'

'Hush!' said David sternly, 'you mustn't say so. Do they know you've come?'

'Ay, they know 'ard enough, or I shouldn't 'a come. You'd none catch me comin' if they didn't send me, I can tell you.'

(To be continued.)

[For the 'Messenger.

Success.

What is't men call success? Is't but a thing
Of wealth, of power, of homage from the crowd,
Man's bubble soaring higher with his years,
Reflecting rosily the world around,
Only to burst and be forgot at last?

If this be so; and Life be but a strife
In which the weak are trampled by the strong;
And Death the end of all, the Victor's dread,
But welcome to the weary and the worn:
Then Life is dross; and Death to be desired.

What constitutes Success? Is't not the thought,
The joy, the bliss of duty bravely done,
Of filling each his niche in God's great plan,
Compassing all that brain and hand can do
To help this stupid rough old world along?

If such be it; to labor and to toil,
Secure of rest and recompense at last,
Beyond the grave in that last home above,
Where God shall rule; and Sorrow be forgot—
Then Life is good; Success, to work His will.

ROBERT A. HOOD.

731 Homer street, Vancouver, B.C.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00

Correspondence

Acadia Mines.

Dear Editor,—My father started taking the 'Messenger' some time ago, and on reading it, I did not see anything from here, so I decided to write. This is a very pretty place in summer, when all the mountains, which surround our town, are wearing their 'summer suits.' I live quite close to school, so that I get there every day, even in winter. I like my teacher very much. I would like to live somewhere where there is lots of skating, we do not have very much here. I just started to learn this winter.

IZZIE C. (aged 11).

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. My birthday is March 24. I have four brothers, Eddie, Charley, Jim and Arthur, and my sister's name is Susie. We have three pets, one black dog, named Smart, and one white dog, named Spot, and one cat, but I have no name for the cat. I go to school. I am in the second book. My youngest brother is seven years old. He is in the first reader. We take the 'Family Herald' and 'The Bulletin' and 'Northern Messenger.' L. G.

Collina, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have one pet, a cat, her name is Tibby. My birthday is on August 24. We live six miles from the railway station. My father keeps the post-office. I go to school every day. M. T. C. (aged 13).

Kedron, Kings Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for over a year, and like it very much. I have just received a nice Bible as a premium. Many thanks for it. I am only ten years old, but thought I would like to have one of my own. I have never seen a letter from Kedron. I like to read the letters. GERTIE M. H.

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I do not keep my papers after I have read them, because I send them away to India to a missionary named Miss Prawers. I have plenty of fun in the winter, but in summer I have more. I am just thinking that perhaps some of the subscribers who read this letter would like to have the address of Miss Prawers, and I will add it to my letter. My aunts were all artists; my mother paints and so does my sister, and I think I will too. I have only one grandmother left, and no grandpapa.

OLIVE M. W. S.

Address of Miss Prawers:—Miss Alice Prawers, W.C.T.U., Hughestown, Hyderabad, Deccan, India.

Gladys, Alta.

Dear Editor,—Not having seen any letters from Gladys, I thought I would write one. I have not taken the 'Messenger' very long, but like it very much. My birthday is on January 21. I have two brothers, Raymond and Clark. There is no school near us, so we have school at home on week days, and Sunday school on Sundays; as we and some of our neighbors are a long way from church, we have service in our house once in two weeks. Raymond has a puppy named Carlo; he is very full of fun and barks if anyone comes into the yard. We have fine fun playing out and jumping among the hay. HILDA M. G.

New Ross, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I have two brothers and two sisters. I have one mile and a half to go to school. I am in the fourth grade. I have three pet cats, and one dog, his name is Scot. Mamma has been taking the 'Northern Messenger' over twenty years. We live on a farm.

EVA P. M. (aged 10).

Barrie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Having seen your kind offer in the 'Messenger,' that any reader of it could send in the names of twelve of their friends, and you would send the 'Messenger' to them for a few weeks free of charge, I thought I would take advantage of your kind offer to send in some of the names of my friends. I get the 'Northern Messenger' at the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and I think it is a fine paper. I am very fond of reading books, and have read a large number of them. Some of the ones I like best are: 'The Elsie books,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Pansy books,' 'Peggy,' 'Margaret Montford,' 'Three Margarets,' 'Sweet William,' 'Kit Kennedy,' 'Eight Cousins,' 'The Boys of Fairmead,' and 'Her Own Way.' My only pet is a cat, which I call Maltie. We keep twenty-one hens. I have no sisters, only one brother younger than myself. AMY ETHEL L. (aged 15).

Eastman's Corners.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Messenger,' a little girl eight years old. I go to Sunday-school. I have four pets, three cats and one dog, his name is Rover. I have three dolls, Lucy, Lily, and Mabel, and we have one hundred hens. My birthday is on Oct. 23. SADIE M. W.

Stony Mountain.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Messenger,' and I like to read letters in the correspondence page, and I saw in the last Sunday's paper a little girl whose birthday is on the same day as mine, her name is Pearlie, and mine is Sylvia. We were both born on November 3. For my pets I have a pug-dog, and a canary bird, and we have three horses. S. M. T.

Victoria Cross, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am taking the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I go to school every day. I am in the fifth book. I live on a farm. We have ten cows, one calf, four horses, and thirteen sheep.

ARTHUR M. (aged 10).

Mitchell Square.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My mother took this little paper before she was married, and has taken it ever since. She was married sixteen years on March 3, 1902. We had a missionary in our church the other Sunday. He was telling us about the people who worship idols. LILLIE (aged 8).

Farmington, Cum. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger,' and like reading it very much. I have three brothers and no sisters. My brothers' names are, Royal, Oscar and Newman. My brother Royal has two pets, a dog and a cat. The dog's name is Sailor, and the cat's name is Tabbie. I live on a farm, but my father is in the woods. We have two horses and ten head of cattle. I go to school, and I am in the seventh grade. I like my teacher and like to go to school. I am twelve years old. My brother and I tend the barn and we have tended it all winter. My grandfather came and cut some wood for us the other day. I am the eldest of the family. OTIS D. F.

Farmington, Cum. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I do not take the 'Messenger,' but I read my cousin's paper, and think it nice to read your correspondence in it. This is the first time I have written. I have two brothers and one sister. Their names are Della, Archie and Douglas. I am the eldest of the family. My father died three years ago. I am staying with my aunt and going to school. I am in the fourth grade. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on May 9. I am going to school with my two cousins. My grandpa has 19 head of cattle and 26 sheep. ELSIE M. T.

Williamstown.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school and day-school, too. We had a Christmas tree on Christmas eve. There were about thirty people at it. I tried the entrance last year, but I did not pass, so I am going to try again this year. I took one quarter of music lessons two years ago. My Sunday-school teacher used to be my day-school teacher. I was not in school this last week because I had the misfortune to scald my leg, but it is getting better, and I think I shall be able to go this week. I have no pets. ANNIE E. C.

Fay Mills.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for about seven years, and I think it is a nice paper. I have two sisters and one brother. We live on a farm about twenty miles from town. We have two horses, seven sheep, seven cows, three calves and twenty-five hens. I do not go to school, because I have to stay home and keep house for my papa because mama is dead. If any of your readers would send me the names of some who have no papers I will send them some. I like to read the letters of the correspondence. The post-office is next door to us. We have no Sunday school now, as we live two miles from the church, but we have in the summer. My sisters and brother go to the school-house next door to us.

M. H. E. (aged 13).

LETTER FROM ONE READER TO ANOTHER.

Dear Genevieve,—You say that you would like to be a Christian, if you only knew how. You need help so much. You wish that some one would help you. Dear friend, go and tell Jesus, just as you have told the Editor and friends of this paper. The Holy Spirit is promised to all who ask, and he will show you the way to Jesus. The atoning work of Jesus, he will show you how the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. For his dear sake God will remove our transgressions from us as far as the east is from the west. Glorious gift of God to the sin-burdened ones of earth, when he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Behold I stand at the door and knock, says Jesus, if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in. Open the door of your heart, dear sister, and ask him to come in. He will do the work to be done if you will give him the right of way. C. B. B.

Pinnacle, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letter from the Pinnacle, so I thought I would write one. I was born in Dublin, Ireland. My mother died when I was about three years old. I have two brothers older than I am. My father and brothers and I lived together after my mother died, and then we children were sent to the sheltering home in Liverpool, and from there to the Knowlton home, and then I was sent here. I am happy here. I go to school in fine weather, and I have three pets, a dog named Leo, and two kitties, and I have four dolls. We take the 'Messenger,' and mamma reads the stories to me, and I like them, and also the children's letters very much. I was eight years old on January 29.

MILDRED B. F.

Burgeo, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy going to school, and I am in No. 2 Royal Reader. There is a large pond quite close to our school, and we have fine sport on the ice; in winter we have plenty of out-door exercise, coasting and skating. I have two brothers and one little sister and a dear little brother in heaven. G. GUY H.

Bensfort, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from Bensfort, I thought I would write one. I go to school every day, and I am in the senior fourth class. My teacher's name is Mr. Manning, and I like him very well. I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday-school. I like reading the stories very much. I have one sister. Her name is Josephine. She is two years old.

MILDRED IRENE C. (aged 11).

Epsom, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I read the letters that the young people write to the 'Messenger,' so I thought I would write. We live on a farm. We have had lots of snow and not many sleigh rides. I have one sister and three brothers. I was down to my grandma's at Christmas day, and had a good time. We have a pet dog, his name is Collie. I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Galloway. I like her very much. Our Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Page. I am ten years old. MONA Mc.

Great Village.

Dear Editor,—I live with my grandpa and grandma. My papa and mamma are out in West Virginia. I was out there a while. I take the 'Northern Messenger.' I like it very much. I am in the fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss McNutt. I am very fond of riding horse-back. We have a horse I can ride. We have a side-saddle. I wrote a letter to the 'Messenger'

before I was out in West Virginia. I wonder if any of the readers of the 'Messenger' have the same birthday as mine; it is on December 11. I am ten years old. Last term I went to school every day of the term and I got a prize. BELLA J. H.

Abingdon, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I received the Bible you sent me. I think it very nice, and I value it very much as a gift. As far as we know the whole Sunday-school is well pleased with the 'Northern Messenger.' PEARL SNYDER.

Valetta, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and go to school every day. I am in the Part II. Book. I like my teacher, Mr. McColl, very much. We have five horses and seventeen cattle. My only pet is a cat called 'Tiny.' I have six brothers, two of them are twins. Their names are Donald and Allister. They will be three years old on March 18. I go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger' there. My teacher's name is Miss Robertson. I am seven years old. My birthday is on July 8. MARIA C. M.

Peterborough, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl of eleven years, and I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday. I think you would like a letter from Peterborough. I have five brothers and one sister, who plays the organ in our Sunday-school. This is a very large town upon the Otonabee River, and we have one large High School and five public schools. I live within one block from the school which I attend. There are also several large churches. I am in the senior second book, and I like my teacher. There are also many large works here, such as the Electric Co., the Cordage Co., the Cereal Co., the Lock Co., and many fine stores. BESSIE V.

Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Messenger' since Christmas, and we like it ever so much. We like reading the correspondence very much. I have for pets, a pony called Belle, three rabbits, a dog Gip, and a cat. The rabbits are beautiful Russian ones and one of them took first prize at the exhibition last year. I saw the Duke and Duchess, and sang with the other school-children on Parliament Hill, when they were there. I go to the Archibald Street School, and my teacher is Mr. Clarke. I like him very much. I am in the fourth book. I have three sisters and four brothers. My eldest brother is in Victoria. I was twelve years old on November 23. We have lots of fun here in summer playing and in winter sliding and skating.

CHARLES E. D.

Lennoxville, Que.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm, and papa keeps lots of steers; he wintered over forty this winter. We have five horses, their names are Fanny, Charley, Jessie, Ned and Nellie; the last three are my pets. We also have eighteen little pigs. I have three cats and have good times playing with them. I have one mile to go to school; it opened April 21. I have one sister and two brothers. My brothers took the 'Messenger' a long time before I took it. I like it very much, especially the Little Folks and Correspondence pages. I am nine years old, my birthday is on December 24.

ANNIE E. R.

Drysdale.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. My birthday is on July 13. I go to school and am in the second reader. I would rather stay at home and feed cattle and sheep. We have 39 hens and I get about twenty eggs every day. I intend to be a farmer. I have one brother and three sisters. I have two cats, the older cat weighs nine pounds. My youngest sister and I have a dog between us. Its name is Victoria. I wonder if any one ever read this story before:—

A GOOD JOKE.

A teacher was out walking one day with one of his pupils, when they saw an old man hoeing in a corn field. His shoes, which he had taken off, lay by the side of the road. As it was near sunset the boy proposed to play a joke on the old man. Let us hide his shoes and hide ourselves behind the bushes and see what he will do; but the teacher said no, that would be unkind, and it would give him trouble. Instead of that, suppose we put a dollar in each shoe. This was done, and they hid themselves and watched. When the man had finished his work he came out of the field to go home. He put on one shoe, felt something hard, took it off and found the dollar. He looked around but saw no one. He then put on the other shoe, and found the other dollar. He then looked at the money and looked around again, but saw no one. Then he knelt upon the ground and poured out his thanks to God. They learned from the old man's prayer that his wife and one of his children were sick, that they were poor, and that he felt that the two dollars were sent from heaven. The old man arose and went home with a happy face. How much better that was than to have hidden the poor man's shoes, said the teacher. The boy's eyes filled with tears, and he said he would never play an unkind joke again.

HENRY D.

Marchmont, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. I like the correspondence page best. I live in the little village of Marchmont about six miles from the town of Orillia, and about a mile and a half from a beautiful little lake called Bass Lake. Marchmont has a grist mill, a saw mill, and mamma keeps a store and the post-office. We have a nice school about half a mile from my place. I go to school all the time and like it too. I am in the fourth book. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. It is just across the way from my home. My birthday is on January 13. SUSIE Z. P. (aged 12).

Harrigon Cove, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old, and we have been taking the 'Messenger' two years. I go to school in summer, but it is too far to go in winter. We have a nice teacher. I have a pet rabbit, and I call him Bill. My brothers and I have good fun playing when we can't go to school. I have two sisters and seven brothers. All the lobster fishermen are ready for their work; it will be nice to see the boats sailing again after the cold winter.

EDITH McD.

Cassville, Que.

Dear Editor,—Cassville is a small neighborhood, consisting of a church, two schoolhouses, a cheese-factory, a post-office, and quite a number of dwelling-houses, in which live very nice people. My father is a farmer and has a farm of two hundred and fifty acres; he has fifty head of cattle, six horses and twenty-five sheep. For pets I have five cats and one dog, named Leo, and two rabbits. I have one brother and one sister. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for two years, and I think that I could not get along without it. My birthday is on August 10.

RALPH H. L. (aged 10).

Polmont, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl not quite eight years old. I have one brother and no sisters. My brother is eighteen years old. I go to Sabbath-school, and get the 'Northern Messenger.' I love to read the letters in it. I go to school every day, and I am in the second reader. My papa is a farmer. My grandpa and grandma live in Campbellford. My grandma has taken the 'Messenger' for a long time. She sent my brother the 'Messenger' for a number of years, but we get it now in the Sunday-school. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, May 23.

GRACIE MYRTLE W.

St. Elmo, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My two grandfathers get the 'Weekly Witness,' and think it is a splendid paper. My two grandfathers got it since it was first published, and would not do without it even yet if they could help it. Grandfather reads it as regularly as the week comes. He is eighty-four, and has good eyesight. Grandmother has very good eyesight also. She is eighty-two years old. They had their golden wedding twelve years ago, and had their sixty-first anniversary last fall. They are well and very healthy yet. I have a dog, a very good watch dog. I have a pony also, her name is Maudie, a nice grey mare, very gentle. I have four brothers and four sisters, all of them are with my father in Calgary, Alberta, but my youngest brother, who is four, is with mother and me. We expect to go out there pretty soon also. VICTORIA L. S. (aged 12).

Glenshee, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My papa takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the children's letters very much. I go to school and I am in the senior second. My teacher's name is Miss Matthews. I go to Sunday-school. I wonder if any girl's or boy's birthday is on the same day as mine, May 24. We live near a big creek. I have three brothers. One is married. I have no sisters. I play on the organ and sing, and I am very fond of music. I am eight years old.

MAY R.

Queenston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday from the Presbyterian Sunday-school, St. Davids. I enjoy very much reading the letters from the little folks, and I thought I would like to write one myself. I live in the country, and in this part of it there is every kind of fruit. I have a pet dog named Rover. I go to school every day, it is a mile and a half. I ride my wheel in summer, but in the winter I have to be driven most of the time. I am in the third reader. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I have a nice lady teacher. I was ten years old last September.

BERTHA M.

Norwich, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. I like to read the letters. This is the first time I have written. I was sick and had to stay upstairs and mamma brought my meals up to me. I go to the Norwich public school. We live on a fruit farm about a mile from town. We have all the fruit we want to eat. I have three brothers and one sister. For Easter mamma colored us some eggs. My birthday was in November, when I was eight years old.

MAMIE B.

Eden, Man.

Dear Editor,—We had the worst blizzard on March 15 that Manitoba has known for ten years. Many wind-mills were blown down, and a number of cattle were frozen to death. We have had a beautiful, dry, warm winter, which we all enjoyed very much. The wheels have been going all winter until a few days ago. Some of our neighbors were harrowing, and one was sowing wheat on March 10. My father has been farming twenty-four years in Manitoba. He owns eight hundred acres of land, thirty-one head of cattle and ten horses. We live on the eastern slope of the Riding Mountains about a mile and a half from Thunder Gully. Could any of the readers of the 'Messenger' please send me the words of the song entitled 'The School-house.' The chorus is:—

'Oh, the school-room!
Oh, that's the place for me,
You'll rarely find, go where you will,
A happier set than we.'

I will close, wishing the 'Messenger' success.

ETHEL LOUISE GROVER (aged 13).

Anyone wishing to send this song should write direct to Ethel.—Ed.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

We regret that the poem 'A Perfect Gentleman,' while showing promise, is not quite good enough to print. If 'Young Reader' would like to have it back he must send his address and one cent stamp. He should address his reply, 'Poem,' Editor of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

HONORABLE MENTION.

The names given below are of 'Messenger' readers who were kind enough to write to the correspondence column, but whose letters are not quite interesting enough to be published: Earl Gill, Blanch M., Effie (Price's Corners), Bessie M. J., Gertie G., Chester Lyster, Raymond McManus, Amy Hoffstot, Hugh B., Ervin England, Flossie Whiteway, Edith V. Shaw, Myrtle B., Beatrice B., Theresa Greenough, Clarence Prouty, Lewis M. B., Asa H. W., Gussie W., L. R. Thorpe, Myrtle Husskin, Douglas B. Emma G. Hamlyn, C. E. Harrie, Mabel B. Heron.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Deal Justly, Mothers.

'Oh, dear! I don't know why I did that,' said a mother, as her little one toddled off in a burst of sobs.

The mother had come home very tired from a day's shopping, and the little one had run out in the hall to greet her, and, grabbing the bundles from her hands, had begun to untie them. The mother pushed the child away with no gentle hand, and in a cross tone of voice said: 'Get out of my way this minute, you naughty girl.' Not long before, the little one had been very ill, so ill that the doctors had given up all hope. Then it was that the mother prayed fervently to God to spare her child, and promised on her knees to be a tender, faithful mother if it were given back to her, and yet how soon she had forgotten, and in moments of vexation the same impatient cross words had come again, and the little one's sensitive heart had been made unjustly to suffer. The dear, loving child had run with a glad look on her wee face to meet mamma, who had been gone all day, so glad to see her, but for want of thought and following a childish impulse, had reached forth the little hands to take the bundles and find out what was in them. All this came to the mother's mind as she heard the sobs of the little child, who had run back to the room and buried her face in the pillow of her little bed. And then came that work of undoing the wrong, which all mothers know about; but the cruel injustice toward the child would still burden the conscience of the mother long after.

We are often unjust to our children because of our own moods and troubles. Things we pass over sometimes as of no moment, in hours when we feel 'out of sorts' we make a great matter of and hurt our children's sensitive natures when reproof is entirely uncalled for. Children are fretted at and found fault with, oftentimes, because we are in an irritable mood, or things do not go our way, notwithstanding that they are perfectly innocent of having helped to create those unpleasant conditions.

Justice in the treatment of children is something that should be conscientiously practiced. The child may have been full of the wish to help mamma in her work, and yet may have made some unfortunate break or spot in her efforts. But the motive was right; she meant to do something out of the kindness of her heart. But some mothers would have lost sight of the motive entirely, and scolded the child for the unfortunate results, instead of showing appreciation of the thoughtfulness of the child, and pointing out the difficulties in the way of doing work the little hands were not yet quite able to do. Let us deal justly with our dear children in our homes, and remember that we can make more impression on them by patiently and kindly showing them their faults than by nagging or scolding them.—'Evangelist.'

Public Spirit in Mothers.

The mother's duty is so engrossing, being everywhere and always pressing, that it is not surprising that so many mothers lose all interest in public affairs, leave off reading the newspapers, and fall 'behind the times.' The result does harm to others than the mother. Family conversation grows dull or petty, the mother being able to talk of nothing but home interests, which too often means home troubles; the father gets discouraged, the older boys get bored and are glad to escape to something more interesting, and the quality of the home life imperceptibly degenerates. Let the mother form the habit of a discriminating reading of the newspapers and keeping her mind alert and active in regard to the great questions of the day, and she may soon redeem her husband from the bondage of sordid cares and her sons from triviality and perhaps worse.

The mother need not enter politics to work reform. Her influence is all-pervading and very powerful when her knowledge is sufficient to make her the intellectual companion of her husband, sons and brothers—the men who rule the nation. The one thing necessary to exert this influence is to be interested in the subject; then the busiest woman can find time to inform herself and to converse upon it, merely sacrificing a little conversation on less important matters.—'American Messenger.'

Then You'll Think of Mother.

When her weary hands shall rest,
Folded on her quiet breast,
  Then you'll think of mother.
How in work those hands once moved
For the children that she loved,
  Those toil-worn hands of mother.

When her eyes shall close in sleep
From which they'll never 'wake to weep,'
  Then you'll think of mother.
Oh, the vigils they have kept,
In the night while others slept—
  Those love-lit eyes of mother!

When her tongue shall silent be,
Read no more, nor sing for thee,
  Then you'll think of mother.
Then your aching heart will long
For the counsel, prayer and song
  From the tongue of mother.

When the lips shall part no more
With the dear, sweet smile of yore—
  Then you'll think of mother.
You will not forget the kiss
Which thrilled your childish heart with bliss,
  Pressed to yours by lips of mother.

Years will pass—they're fleeting now—
Bring no shadow to her brow,
  But kindly think of mother;
Help her often as you may,
Life with her is such brief day,
  Your life on earth with mother.

Wait not till her soul at last
To the home above has passed,
  But show your love to mother.
Cheer her while on earth she stays
By your loving acts and ways;
  Be dutiful to mother.
—M. J. Ballantyne.

Proper Spring Diet.

During the cold weather of our northern winter, fats, sweets and other foods rich in carbon can be eaten with safety by persons blessed with good digestion, but as spring approaches, the wise housewife dons her 'thinking cap' and an armor of fortitude and provides her family with three meals a day that are not only attractive, easily digested and nourishing, but an antidote for some of the injurious results likely to follow the winter's indulgences.

Fats and sweets are conspicuous only by their absence, while fish, eggs, milk, entire wheat bread, cereals, fresh fruit, canned and green vegetables, green salads and lemon juice are her main dependence.

Useful Hints.

Apple parings and cores may be saved and jelly made from them.

A wise housekeeper is careful where she keeps her flour, for she knows it is more readily tainted than milk.

Boiled starch can be improved by the addition of a little sperm oil or a little salt, or both, or a little dissolved gum arabic.

If a dish gets burnt in using, do not scrape it, but put a little water and ashes in and let it get warm. It will come off nicely.

Cold rain-water and soap will take out machine grease, where other means would not be advisable on account of colors running, etc.

If any housekeeper finds it imperative to clean windows on an icy, cold day she can accomplish it safely by using a cloth dampened with alcohol, which never freezes.

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ways are best. If your God makes men like you, then is he the best God I know. Yes, sahib; I shall be boatkeeper here so long as I may.'

Dr. Graylie's eyes moistened as he grasped the man's hand.

'You should call your craft the "Life Boat," Kach Cha,' he suggested.

'No, sahib; the boat is already named. It is the "Ruhn-i-lah."'

'The "Ruhn-i-lah!"' Dr. Graylie's hand was resting upon Kach Cha's shoulder now, and his voice was low and thoughtful.

'Yes, that is a better name, Kach Cha,' he said. 'Assuredly it is the "Spirit of God."'

The Heroine of the Siege of Peking.

(By Rev. James Webster, in 'Women's Missionary Magazine.')

Some may remember that, during the siege of Peking, the Chinese Christians, to the number of 2,000, found refuge within the grounds of the palace of Prince Su, a large enclosure quite near the British Legation. Their conduct during the siege was the praise of everybody. Even Ministers Plenipotentiary declared that but for their help the defence of the Legation would have been impossible. Many have heard how the ladies of the Legations gave their damask curtains and table cloths to be made into sandbags, and how the Christian refugees worked, the women cutting the curtains and sewing them up, while the men and boys filled them with sand and built them tier above tier all round the Legation walls. They were ever ready and willing, always except once, and that was the opportunity for an act of heroism on the part of a Chinese Christian woman which I now wish to relate.

The brave little Japanese contingent, under the command of Colonel Sheba, was in charge of the defences of the palace of Prince Su. Throughout the siege these defences were the most difficult to hold, and the most hotly-contested of all the defences. And there came a day when the attack was desperate, when it seemed as if the brave fellows could hold out no longer, and as if the garrison would be overthrown. It was necessary that a communication should be conveyed beyond the lines, and the conveying of it involved the danger of the messenger falling into the enemy's hands. Colonel Sheba called for volunteers from among the men, but knowing the serious risks, no one was forthcoming. The Colonel told them, that if no one was prepared to carry that message, he would not guarantee to hold the palace. Then a woman came forward, and offered to go. Attiring herself in a beggar's garb she sallied forth, basket on arm, bearing the message.

She fulfilled her mission, the message reached its destination, Colonel Sheba was able to hold out to the last, and covered himself with glory. But that Christian heroine never reached the palace again. On the way back she met a man who recognized her, and on the pretence of guiding her to the hiding-place of her husband, led her to the headquarters of the Boxers, where he received 10 taels of silver, and she was beheaded. All the world has been told of Colonel Sheba's gallant defence of the ramparts in front of the British Legation, and of the heroic part he played in warding off a general massacre. But the noble—the Christlike act of this humble Christian is known only to comparatively few.

This is no carried story. The particulars I got from many who heard her make the brave offer and who saw her go forth, and what took place afterwards I heard in confession, on the morning of his execution, from the man who betrayed her to the Boxers. So died the heroine of the siege of Peking. She was a Christian, and, like Christ, in some small way, she gave her life a ransom for many.

Good Example to Follow.

(Helena H. Thomas, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

'Where were your eyes, Ralph, when we met that attractive young lady? She seemed on the point of bowing to you, but you did not give her the opportunity.'

'When?'

'Just at the crossing an instant ago.'

'Well, then, I can account for my eyes,' was the laughing rejoinder, 'for if you will give a backward glance you will see an old man staggering under the weight of a burden, as well as years.'

'But what is he to you, Ralph?' queried a recent acquaintance. 'He has every appearance of being a tramp.'

'He is a perfect stranger to me,' was the rejoinder, 'but he is old and evidently poor, and so I gave him the smiling greeting that you thought due elsewhere.'

'Well, I must say that you are one of a thousand. Do you make a practice of bowing to every old codger you meet, Ralph?'

'Yes, I should seem to see the rebuking face of my dead father, were I to do otherwise.'

'What do you mean?'

'I will let you into the secret of what seems strange conduct, by telling you one incident of my boyhood, which is so burned into my memory that it is impossible for me to indifferently pass one who is poor and infirm.

'It was a broiling hot August day, in the long ago, and tired from play, I had thrown myself upon the grass under a shady tree, and, with my hat over my eyes, was about to take a snooze when I heard:

'"Can you tell me where I can find a drink, bub?"

'And looking up I saw an old man with a bag of grist upon his shoulder. He often passed that way to and from the mill, and many a time I had given him a lift when he was going my way, and had more than once proffered him a drink, unasked. But that day I forgot my training, and said, "There's a pump around the corner."

'The poor old man hobbled off and an instant later I heard the squeak of the pump-handle, and I smiled to think how dearly he would have to pay for his drink, for that was the deepest well for miles around, and it was no easy matter to draw water from it.

'"Uncle Jake," as he was familiarly called, halted when he returned, with the hope, doubtless, that I would offer to lighten his burden up the hill, but I pretended to be asleep, and with a sigh, he passed on.

'I fell asleep in spite of a guilty conscience, and when I awoke there was a great commotion, and I soon learned that the deaf old man, bending under his burden, heeded not the approach of a runaway team as he climbed the hill, and that he was knocked down and instantly killed.

'Yes, he breathed his last a few moments after he left me,' continued the speaker, with a long-drawn sigh, 'and I loathe myself when I think I, a robust boy, denied him the sunshine of a cheery word, as well as a cooling drink.

'That night, after father had returned from Uncle Jake's poor home, he called me to his side, and, in a tremulous tone, said:

'"I saw you, my son, and God saw you when, in the heat of the day, a poor old man, carrying a heavy burden, passed by your side. I did not hear what he said, but I saw the motion of your hand, and I saw the feeble creature lay down his load and start for the pump. But I was there before him, and mine was the privilege to give him a cooling drink, and by kind words bring a smile to the face of the weary man. But my heart is heavy when I think that a son of mine could be so heartless."

'I could bear no more, and sobbing aloud I rushed off to the barn and, throwing myself on the hay, I wept as I never have since. And I then made a vow which I have never, knowingly, broken.'

'Don't say another word, Ralph,' said his listener, heartily. 'I honor you all the more for being blind to pretty faces when there are those in sight who are bending under the burden of poverty or years. There would be fewer aching hearts in the world if all acted on your principle.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

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The following are the contents of the issue May 3, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER

The Comity of Nations—'Punch'
The Progress of Egypt—Lord Cromer's Report.—'The Spectator,' London.
The Steamship Combine—'The Nation,' New York.
Mr C J Rhodes and His Fellows—By E. L. Hicks, in Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Career of Alfred Holt—Correspondence of the Springfield 'Republican'
Little Taxes and Great Principles—By the Professor of Political Economy in Edinburgh University, in 'The Scotsman'
The Crisis in Belgium—By W. Holt White, in 'Daily Mail,' London
Impressions from the United States—'The Pilot,' London.
Disappearing Edinburgh—'The Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
Irish Chapel near Dublin—'The Athenaeum,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Religious Drama—'The Speaker'
The Play of 'Ben-Hur'—'The Athenaeum,' London.
A Reference Library of Art Productions—'The Nation,' New York.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Blind—Verse, by Martha Gilbert Dickinson, in 'The Outlook.'
A Morning Breeze—From a Book of Indian Love Lyrics, collected by Laurence Hope.
The Morning Summons—Poem, by Richard Burton, in the May 'Atlantic.'
The Planting of a Tree—Poem, by Marion Couthouy Smith, in the May 'St. Nicholas.'
The Gospel According to St. John—By Dr. Fairbairn, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, in 'The Speaker.'
William Black: A Biography—By W. L. Courtney, in 'Daily Telegraph, London
English Romance—By Hugh Clifford, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Literature at the Settlement—'Mansfield House Magazine.'
Paris on Oxford—'Academy and Literature, London.
The True Shakespeare at Last—'The Free Lance.'
Gretna Green—'Saturday Review,' London.
The History of the National Anthem—'The Standard,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Who is Responsible?—Rochester 'Post-Express.'
The Speed of Light—By W. E. Garrett Fisher, in 'The Pilot,' London
Forestry and Bird Life—'Bird Lore.'
A Natural Law—By Mr. [illegible], in 'The Speaker.'
Darkness and Light—[illegible]

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LESSON VIII.—MAY 25.

Paul at Antioch in Pisidia.

Acts xiii., 43-52. Commit to memory vs. 46, 47. Read Acts viii., 13-42.

Golden Text.

'Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.'—Acts xiii., 38.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 19.—Acts xiii., 14-25.
Tuesday, May 20.—Acts xiii., 26-42.
Wednesday, May 21.—Acts xiii., 43-52.
Thursday, May 22.—Acts viii., 1-11.
Friday, May 23.—Jer. vii., 21-28.
Saturday, May 24.—Zech. vii., 8-14.
Sunday, May 25.—Heb. iii., 1-13.

Lesson Text.

(43) Now when the congregation was broken up, many of the Jews and religious proselytes followed Paul and Barnabas; who, speaking to them, persuaded them to continue in the grace of God. (44) And the next Sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God. (45) But when the Jews saw the multitudes, they were filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming. (46) Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said, It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles. (47) For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldest be for salvation unto the ends of the earth(48) And when the Gentiles heard this, they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord; and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed. (49) And the word of the Lord was published throughout all the region. (50) But the Jews stirred up the devout and honorable women, and the chief men of the city, and raised persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and expelled them out of their coasts. (51) But they shook off the dust of their feet against them, and came unto Iconium. (52) And the disciples were filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost.

Suggestions.

When Paul and Barnabas left Cyprus they sailed north and landed on the coast of what we now call Asia Minor. Here John Mark left them and went home. The journey had been an uncomfortable one, perhaps, and still more dangers and privations were to be expected in the rough country to which they had come. But other things may have influenced the young man's decision. He may have found it hard to get on with Paul, who was now apparently beginning to take the lead instead of Barnabas. Also his mother was probably a widow and alone in Jerusalem, for a house is spoken of as hers (Acts xii., 12), and he may have felt it his duty to return. From Perga in Pamphylia to Antioch in Pisidia was about a hundred miles by the road. That distance would not be appalling with a smooth road and a bicycle. But the apostles had to travel through a mountainous country full of brigands. In II. Cor. xi., 23-27, Paul mentions a number of sufferings he had been through, which are not all recorded in the book of Acts,and some of them must have occurred on this journey. We can imagine Paul saying to Luke, his biographer, 'O yes, we ran aground off the coast of Pamphylia, and a few days later Barnabas and I were robbed by brigands, but you needn't say anything about that.' The outline of his important sermon at Antioch has, however, been preserved, and may serve as a specimen of his usual style in addressing a synagogue congregation. He alludes to the early history of the Jews, probably to some portion of the Scripture, which had just been read, and skilfully introduces his great subject of salvation through Jesus. We may be sure that he said a good deal more than we find recorded in Acts xiii., 16-41, for if the congregation had not heard of Jesus before, or had only heard vague rumors about him, they would need to have a great deal explained to them. Paul probably preached for half an hour at least. His eloquence and his appropriate appeals to Scripture moved the audience deeply. There seems to have been as yet no open objection to the doctrine of the cross. The Jews who lived in Greek cities were more open to new light than the bigoted Pharisees who had so strong a party in Judea. But one thing here as everywhere could rouse the Jews to deadly opposition. When large crowds of the 'heathen' came on the next Saturday, not to hear the law of Moses but to hear the new teaching, the Jews became indignant and abusive. It was plain that Paul and Barnabas must either stop preaching altogether or preach to a different class from the one for whom they had before intended their message. They must choose between their love for their nation and their love for the gospel. They were ready now for the decision. 'We turn to the Gentiles' (v. 46) made the Jews still more enraged (v. 50) but it brought to those who had hitherto been outside of God's covenant a heavenly gladness (v. 48), which did not leave them even when their teachers were forced to depart (v. 52). The Jews, however, had influence in the city, chiefly through the honorable or aristocratic Gentile women, who had turned from the idolatry and atheism about them to seek in the Synagogue worship a pure and rational religion. We quote verses 48-52 from the 'Twentieth Century Version,' a translation which faithfully represents the original Greek in every-day English:'On hearing this, the heathen were delighted and extolled God's message, and all those believed it who were ready for enduring life; and the Lord's message was carried throughout that district. The Jews, on their part, roused the ladies of position who worshipped with them, and the leading men of the town, and stirred up a persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and drove them out of their neighborhood. They, however, shook the dust off their feet in protest, and went to Iconium, leaving the disciples full of joy and of the Holy Ghost.'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 25.—Topic—Missions: our missionary boards. 'A work for me and a work for you.' I. Cor. xii., 1-10.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A GOOD FRIEND.

Mon., May 19.—A friend's sympathy. Job vi., 14.

Tues., May 20.—A friend's sincerity. Rom. xii., 9.

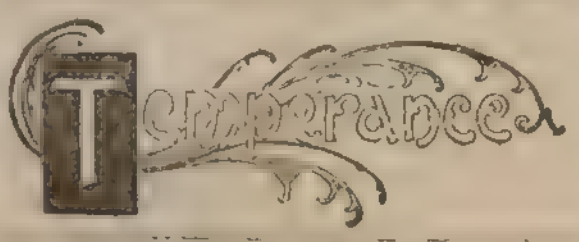
Wed., May 21.—A friend's unselfishness. Rom. xii., 10.

Thu., May 22.—A friend's love. I. Pet. iv., 8.

Fri., May 23.—A friend's warnings. Prov. xxvii., 6.

Sat., May 24.—A friend's emulation. Prov. xxvii., 17.

Sun., May 25.—Topic—How to be a good friend. Prov. xvii., 17.



They Drop Off.

Dr. M. H. Parmalee, physician and surgeon of twelve years' practice in Toledo, says:

'The majority of saloon keepers die from dropsy, arising from liver and kidney diseases, which are induced by their beer drinking. My experience has been that saloon keepers and the men working about breweries are very liable to these diseases. When one of these apparently stalwart, beery fellows is attacked by a disorder that would not be regarded as at all dangerous in a person of ordinary constitution, or even a delicate, weakly child or woman, he is liable to drop off like an overripe apple from a tree. You are never sure of him for a minute. He may not be dangerously sick today and to-morrow be in his shroud. All physicians think about alike on this subject, as their observations all lead them to similar conclusions. It is a matter so plain that there is hardly room for any other opinion. The most of them are like myself in another thing: I have come to dread being called upon to take charge of a case of sickness in a man who is an habitual beer drinker. Experience has taught me that in such persons it is impossible to predict the outcome. The form of Bright's disease known as the swollen or large white kidney is much more frequent among beer drinkers than any other class of people, and also that its prevalence seems to have kept pretty fair pace with the rapid increase in the consumption of beer in this country.—'New Voice.'

War on Cigarettes.

Boys at school learn a number of good things.

One of the best is the knowledge of the effects of liquor and tobacco on the human system. They have to learn that under the laws of New York in their study of physiology.

Why should they not put this knowledge to practical use? Of all the forms in which tobacco can be used, the worst is a cigarette. Of all possible places to put a cigarette the worst is a boy's mouth.

Boys do a great many foolish things because they see their elders do them, and so think they are manly. Many of them might be expected to smoke cigars or pipes for this reason. But no boy can think it manly to smoke cigarettes. He can get no encouragement in that vice from the practice of real men. Then why should he practice it?

Cigarettes smoked to excess, as they are likely to be when a boy begins to smoke them at all, sap the mind and the health. If their use is kept up long enough it may lead to insanity or death. The asylums and graveyards are full of cigarette wrecks. The boy who surrenders himself to this habit may possibly live to man's age, but he will never be a man.

Children's Wrongs.

The liquor traffic was inflicting a deadly weight of accumulated wrong upon the children of England. . . They were growing up amongst infamous surroundings, exposed to barbarity and cruelty, to dreadful sickness and hereditary craving, and in the terrible language of South, 'through our gross and criminal negligence not so much born into the world as damned into the world.' In the days of Moloch worship the cries of the children were unheard in Tophet for the noise of drums and timbrels loud; in England they were unheard and unnoticed for very commonness. Nothing seemed to break our stolid immoral callosity and indifference in a matter which should make us feel ready to sink into the very earth for shame. We protected animals by Act of Parliament, we passed laws on behalf of the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, but the little children were allowed to go on weeping bitterly. Were they less worth protecting than salmon and song-birds? The child's sob in the silence was a deeper curse than the strong man's anathema.—Dean Farrar.

'No drunkard shall inherit eternal life;' and yet the American people, said to be a Christian people, legally authorize 300,000 men to engage in a traffic that lures our boys and young men into drunkard's graves and into a drunkard's hell at the rate of from 60,000 to 100,000 annually. There is an awful responsibility resting somewhere. 'Every one shall give account for himself to God.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

The Boy's Gift.

(By M. E. Foster-Comegys, in 'The Presbyterian Banner.')

It was when Lee was getting over the measles. For three weeks he had been dosed and made to stay in bed with the cover up to his chin, and still 'they' had not quite gone.

Perhaps the reason was, that sometimes Lee had not taken his medicine as he ought, and once had slipped out of bed, at night, when he was oh, so thirsty, and had gone out to the back hall, where the ice water was, and had drank and drank as if he never expected to get any more, while a delicious breeze fanned his wet little body.

Next morning 'those' measles had all gone in, and not one little red spot was visible.

Lee's sister, who came to ask how he felt, thought he was well, but his mother, when she felt his head, and noticed how restless he was, looked anxious, and sent for the doctor right away.

I can tell you, for the next few days, Lee was a very sick boy indeed, and he felt very guilty, down in his heart, about the ice water, and the breeze.

The doctor was Lee's uncle, and his two little sons and Lee were fast friends. These boys were named Holly and Bennie, and to them, nothing was as nice as a day in the country with Lee. There they could run and whoop to their hearts' content; could hunt rabbits and squirrels with Lee's smart dog 'Mike' could swim in the bayou, and fish; could climb tall trees, and have many other sports, not to be enjoyed in town.

A QUIVERING WET NOSE WAS THRUST AGAINST HIS CHEEK.

When they knew that Lee was sick, and saw their father mixing up medicine to send him, they made bad faces, and felt very sorry for their poor cousin, for they had had the measles, and knew all about the troubles of being sick.

One day, while they were spinning their tops on the sidewalk before their home, a man drove by in a waggon, with a fawn tied in the back, and which was crying pitifully.

THE MOTHER'S SURPRISE.

Bennie, who always wanted everything explained, called to the man, to know why he had the little deer in the waggon.

Stopping his horses, the man replied that he wanted to sell it, for its mother was dead, and he did not have the time to 'bother' with it. Besides, it had been hurt, he said, and he was afraid it would die before he could get it home again, for his cabin was many miles away in the heart of the forest. He would sell it cheap, he said, on that account.

The boys' soft little hearts were filled with pity for the poor little animal covered with dust, and looking wildly from one face to another.

'Run, Holly,' cried Ben, 'and get our money; we can buy it for Lee—it'll make him well quicker'n ole medicine will!'

Holly, as anxious as Ben to relieve the suffering animal, and arrange a surprise for Lee, flew into the house and quickly reappeared with a small tin bank, the contents of which he poured into Bennie' grimy hand.

''Tain't 'smuch ez I ast,' said the man, counting the dimes and quarters, 'but bein's ez it's all you've got, and bein's ez the critter's like to die on my han's I reckin you kin hev it.'

An hour later, when the boys' mother came in from a call, she was almost transfixed to behold a young deer, scampering about her room, jumping on her bed and over chairs, in order to escape from the chasing boys who, with their hands filled with hay, were vainly attempting to force the little thing to eat.

'Oh, boys,' she exclaimed, after the story had been told, while she strove to hide a funny smile that would creep into the corners of her mouth, though she was used to many queer things that her little sons sometimes did, 'you will frighten it to death. Bring some milk for the poor thing; it's only a baby deer and can't eat rough food yet.' And while the boys ran for a pan of warm milk, she coaxed the fawn to lie still while she bound its hurt leg with a strip of old linen.

Under gentle treatment the young animal grew quiet and docile

and learned, in a short time, to love the hands that caressed and fed him.

The boys meanwhile were eager for Lee to get well enough to see the 'sprise, and finally, one day, when their papa said that the sick cousin was well enough to have them spend the morning, their delight knew no bounds.

With three on a seat, and a soft little bundle crouched at the bottom of the buggy, they drove out the well-loved way to Lee's house.

Through woods, where leaves were turning red and brown and nuts were gathering on walnut and pecan trees; past fields where quail were hiding in long grass, from hunters' guns; and into the long lane which led to the farm house where Lee's mamma lived, they drove.

They crept so carefully into the room that the dozing invalid was not disturbed, until a quivering wet nose was thrust against his cheek, and soft brown eyes peered into his slowly opening ones.

Lee jumped so that the fawn was frightened, and his little hard hoofs made a sharp sound on the carpet as he sprang away.

Then Lee heard a giggle, and saw two round faces peering in the doorway and he sat up to shout:

'Oh goody,! Come in, fellows, and tell where you got it!'

'It's yours!' shouted the boys, stumbling over each other in their eagerness to reach Lee's side, and while they told him how they came to get the pet, the fawn, used to boys already, sniffed the bed-clothes and marched about the room quite at home.

'I'll name him "Holly Ben," announced Lee, when he found that this pleasure had been reserved for him; and his cousins blushed with pride at the compliment.

To tell how Holly Ben made the acquaintance of all the inhabitants of Lee's country home, of the manner in which he got on (or didn't get on) with Mike, who resented the coming of so formidable a rival in his master's affection, of the lesson which Holly Ben taught to Master Mike, at last; and of an occurrence which sealed the fate of the brown beauty whose big soft eyes were admired by all who knew him, would take a long time, so we will leave Lee sitting up in bed very sprightly for an invalid, making plans for future larks with his cousins while he strokes the soft coat of his new pet and hurries mamma with his lunch—a sure sign he is getting well.

His Mother's Training.

Roland stopped and looked at the sign,

'BOY WANTED,'

It hung outside a large cutlery establishment next to a store where there had been a big fire. He made up his mind that he was old enough to look for work and try to relieve mother. Should he go in? He hesitated, then with all the courage he could command, went inside. He was sent back to a room where men on high stools were writing in big books, too busy to notice him, but a tall gentleman did and questioned him so fast he could hardly answer.

'What kind of work do you expect to do? Don't know? Most boys do. Never worked out before? Suppose you think it's all play. Well,' pointing to some steps, 'you go down there and the man at the foot will tell you what to do.'

Roland went down and found half-a-dozen boys at work, with their sleeves rolled up, cleaning and polishing knives, The man at the foot of the steps looked up and said:

'Come to try your hand? Well, three have just left in disgust; doesn't seem to be boys' work somehow, but it's got to be done. You see,' he said, picking up some knives and scissors and showing spots of rust on them, 'the water that saved our building the other night injured some of our finest goods. If you want to try your hand at cleaning, I'll show you how. We pay by the dozen.'

''Tisn't fair,' said one of the boys; 'some have more rust on than others.'

'If you don't like our terms, you needn't work for us,' said the foreman; and the boy, muttering that he wanted to be errand boy, and see something of life, left, while Roland went to work with a will. As he finished each piece, he held it up, examined it critically, and wondered if mother would think it well done.

When the hour for closing came, the gentleman who had sent him downstairs appeared and looking round at the boys, said:

'Well?'

'There is the boy we want,' said the foreman, pointing to Roland. 'He will take pride in doing anything you give him to do. He has been well trained.'

Again the tall man spoke quickly.

'That's what we want. "Boy wanted" doesn't mean any kind of a boy. Mother know you came? No? Well, take her your first wages, and tell her there's a place open to you here. Then put your arms round her neck and thank her for teaching you to be thorough. If more boys were thorough, more boys would succeed in life.'

'I guess, mother,' said Roland, when he told her about it, 'it was because I tried to do everything as you would like it. I forgot I was doing it because there was a "boy wanted."'—'Sunday-School Advocate.'

The Reason.

(By Albert F. Caldwell, in 'S. S. Visitor.')

Happy little Smiling Face,
When walking on the streets,
Gets a pleasant nod and word
From every one he meets.
'Precious dear!' says Mrs. Love,
'Halloo, boy!' calls Joe—
Joe's a ragged newsboy;
But others do just so.
Tim, the big policeman,
Doctor, Lawyer, Clerk,
Stop to smile 'Good morning,'
However hard their work.

Sulky litle Sour Face,
Though he walks a mile,
Passing hundreds on the way
Never gets a smile.,
Every one has on a frown,
As he hurries by—
No one stops to say, 'Halloo!'
None to say, 'Good-bye!'
'Folks are always cross and glum,'
I heard Sour Face sigh.
If you meet him, tell him, children,
Just the reason why.

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The Absent Teacher

(By Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Westminster Teacher.')

It must necessarily happen that a teacher cannot invariably be with a class. Providential hindrances arise which make it plainly one's duty to be away. For occasional absences there doubtless are sufficient excuses. But when it is possible there should be no break in the chain which from Sunday to Sunday binds class and teacher in closest union. No substitute ever seems to fill to a waiting class just the place of its own teacher. They attend to the lesson, they are polite and receptive, but somehow it is a step-teacher, and a step-teacher, like a step-mother, does not win the hearts of those she yearns over, in a single day. The loyalty of the average class to its teacher is a beautiful and subtle thing, a thing compounded of fidelity, admiration and love, and it suffers a pang when it has even temporarily to transfer its regard from one object to another.

The teacher should by all means be with the class unfailingly, when in health. The engagement to meet and serve it is not less binding than that which sends one to the counting room, the typewriter, the professor's chair, or the loom. We keep our business engagements with unscrupulous care; in the stern competition of the hour, the slack and the heedless, the irresponsible and the ease-loving, cannot hold their own, and in the world's market they are pushed to the wall. We should as conscientiously work when we are about that business of saving souls which our Father has given us to do with diligence and prayer, as we should in an earthly calling.

The weather, for instance, should not detain the teacher from the class. Blizzards and cyclones may of course interpose insuperable obstacles, but an ordinary rain or snowstorm, even if severe, keeps no person in ordinary health from secular work, nor should it from work which is above the secular. Because the easy chair invites, and the hearth is cozy, and the new book charming, the flesh may tempt to inexertion, but the spirit must conquer the flesh.

A regular attendance on the part of a teacher means and insures the same on the part of the scholars. When the latter are sure that after the long walk, or the tussle with the tempest, they will meet the teacher's warm hand-clasp, welcoming smile, and bit of personal talk and greeting, they will let no light hindrance detain them.

Absence of either teacher or scholar, when a definite course of study is being pursued, is inevitably weakening in its result upon interest. Something is lost which is not easily regained; some word, some fact, some inspiration, which would have come in the unbroken line, may be missed forever on account of the hiatus.

Teachers should take a lofty view of their work. As a pastor, expected to preach on a given day in a given place, seldom disappoints his waiting congregation, and, if compelled to do so by circumstances beyond his control, takes means to provide an alternate, so the teacher should feel that the class is a little pastorate, an equally imperative sphere of service with that of the minister, having made due and prayerful preparation for the hour, let the teacher be at his post.

When, however, you are unavoidably detained, do not impose on the superintendent the duty of filling your place. Choose your substitute yourself, and do not be at ease until this is done. If you are to be gone for several Sundays, be sure that your class will be in the hands of one capable person, not taught necessarily by those who can be found at a moment's notice.

Give your substitute any needed points about the class. Tell her about the different members, what they need, what their peculiarities are, so that she will not go to them quite as a stranger. Then, when compelled to be absent from your class, pray for it; pray for Christ's presence with it as a whole, and with one by one. Much care and preparation is necessary to be a Sunday school teacher, but it is work that pays.

Alcohol in all its forms is a brain excitant which gives force by spurring the vasso-motor activities to unwonted feverish energy. While we are taught scientifically that two or three ounces of alcohol may be oxidized in the human body in twenty-four hours, we must never forget the far more important scientific truth that the physical tissues were never meant to bear this forceful combustion. The fine temper and healthy integrity of both brain and body are gradually destroyed by the continued use of one half this amount. The continued moderate use of alcoholic beverage in the amount stated is invariably poisonous.—'Union Signal.'

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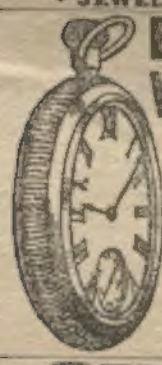

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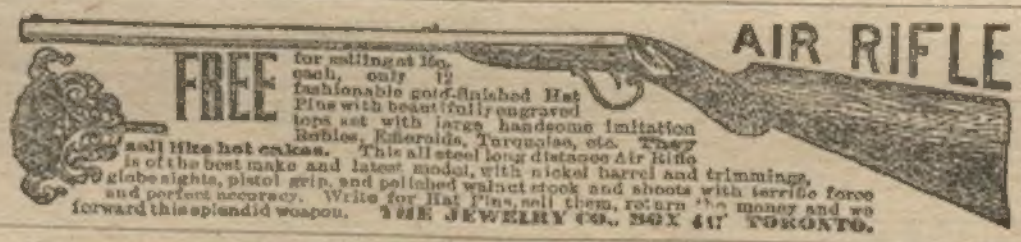

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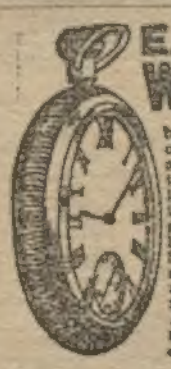
FREE **FREE BICYCLE** Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle when you can get one good as new for nothing. We are giving them away absolutely free for selling at 15c. each only 6 doz. stylish Gold Topped Hat Pins, beautifully designed and set with handsome sparkling imitation Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies, etc. They go like wildfire. Albert Goldstone, Brandon, Man., says: "The Hat Pins sell like hot cakes." Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength and beauty. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal new at less than $50.00. They have seamless steel tube enamelled frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddles, neat handle bars and genuine faultless ball bearings throughout. Every wheel we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is a chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will tell your friends how you got it. **THE AGENTS TRADING CO., BOX 471 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE

44-PIECE TEA SET **FREE** **44-Piece China Tea Set** 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated in pale green or terra cotta red. **A Regular $5.00 Set. Given absolutely free** for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. fashionable gold finished Hat Pins, elegantly designed and set with superb imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, Sapphires, etc. Read what one Agent says: "Iglesford, Ont., April 10th, 1902. Dear Sirs, I sold all the Hat pins in 30 minutes. Jessie Anderson." Write and we send Hat pins. Sell them, return the money and we ship this **magnificent 44-piece Tea Set.** Jewelry Co., Box 405 Toronto.

FREE Solid Gold or Silver composition curb chain bracelet given for selling at 15c. each only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc, **they sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.05, and receive this beautiful Bracelet, postpaid. **JEWELRY CO., BOX 431 TORONTO.**



EARN THIS WATCH by selling at 15c. each only 16 fashionable Silver and Gold Hat Pins, with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome rubies, amethysts, emeralds, etc. **They are something entirely new.** Every lady will buy one. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **Jewelry Co., Box 403, Toronto.**

FREE GOLD CASED

Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent 7 jewel movement. This Watch looks worth $50.00. We give it for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. Coronation Scarf Pins decorated in many bright colors, with a beautiful Portrait of His Majesty King Edward VII. in full military Dress. **Something new. Everybody buys. All the rage.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return the money, and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. **MAXWELL CO., BOX 429 Toronto.**

FREE WONDERFUL WALKING DOLL

Beautifully dressed in satin, cut in the latest style and nicely trimmed with lace. She has jointed neck and arms, golden ringlets and when wound up walks as naturally as any living child. Given for selling at 15c. each only 14 fashionable Gold finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops, set with large handsome Imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money and we will send this beautiful doll postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 418 TORONTO**

We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR-BLADED KNIFE for selling only 8 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at only 10c. each. Each package contains 42 fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for seeds, sell them, return 80c., and receive this beautiful knife postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 448 TORONTO, ONT.**

Gold Watch 2c

ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED

FULLY GUARANTEED

The chance of a lifetime. An elegant 14k. Gold plated, richly engraved Watch, dust-proof case, open face, stem wind and set, genuine jewelled movement fully guaranteed for only 2c. **Looks worth $50.00 ; positively only 2c. to pay out of your own pocket.** Send 2c. (a stamp will do) for full particulars. This ad. may not appear again. Write at once. **THE CANADIAN PREMIUM SYNDICATE,** Box **469** Toronto

$100 PRIZE CONTEST

Can You Count the Dots in the Circle?

We will pay $100 in cash to those sending us the correct answer. Send No Money. This is a FREE CONTEST. There is only one condition that will take less than an hour of your time, which we will explain as soon as we hear from you. Count the dots carefully and send in your answer at once. It costs nothing to try this, and you will find it very interesting. Address **THE PRIZE CO., BOX 471 TORONTO.**

FREE SILK RIBBONS

All from one to three yards in length, finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, consisting of Crown Edge, Gros Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Stitched Ottoman, and vari us other plain and fancy styles, suitable for Neckwear, trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs etc., etc. Given for selling, at 15c. each, only 8 stylish Gold topped Hat Pins set with superb imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. They look worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will send you a large box of beautiful Ribbons, all colors and widths, postpaid. **Jewelry Co., Box 466 Toronto**

EARN A VELOCIPEDE

Boys! don't miss this chance. High-grade Velocipede, newest model, steel spokes, malleable iron frame, one-piece handle bar with grips, and comfortable spring seat. **Given for selling** at 15c. each, only 2 doz. stylish Gold topped Hat Pins, beautifully designed and set with handsome sparkling imitation Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies, etc. **They go like wildfire.** C. BURNS, NEEPAWA, MAN., says: "I sold all the Hat Pins in 5 minutes." **Send no money.** Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and receive this splendid Velocipede Free. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 476 TORONTO.**

BOYS! PLAY BALL

FREE SPALDING OUTFIT.

Genuine Spalding Ball, Spalding Ash Bat, Spalding Catcher's Mask, Spalding Baseball Cap and Spalding Catcher's Glove, all **five given free** for selling at 15c. each only 16 stylish, Gold-topped Hat Pins, set with handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **They sell themselves.** J. A. R. WILLIAMSON, Middlesboro, Man., March 15th, says: "I received the Hat Pins at 6.15 and at 6.30 they were all sold. The Pins are good value and go like hot cakes." Write for Hat Pins today. Sell them return the money, and we send this **Genuine Spalding Baseball Outfit. THE JEWELRY CO., Box 466 Toronto, Ontario.**

FREE 44 PIECE CHINA TEA SET

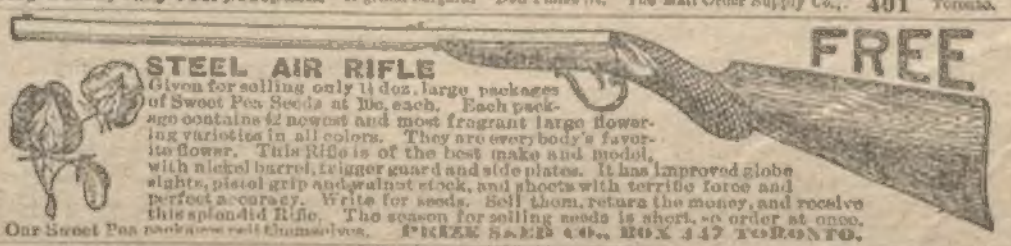
12 CUPS, 12 SAUCERS, 12 TEA PLATES, 2 CAKE PLATES, 2 TEA POT AND COVER, 1 SUGAR BOWL AND COVER, 1 CREAMER AND 1 SLOP BOWL. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated in pale green or brown with red. A REGULAR $5.00 SET. GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable gold finished Hat Pins, elegantly designed and set with superb imitation Rubies, Emeralds Turquoise, Sapphires, etc. These pins sell regularly in the big Toronto stores at 25c. At our price, 15c. THEY GO LIKE WILD-FIRE. Write and we send Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we ship this MAGNIFICENT 44 PIECE TEA SET, carefully packed. Write to-day. THE AGENTS TRADING CO., Box **456** TORONTO.

CHOICE SILK REMNANTS 600 INCHES 15c

Delighted customers by hundreds testify to their marvellous cheapness. All of **our pieces come from silk tie factories,** where, as you know, only the best silks are used. These silks cost from **$2.00 to $5.00 a yard. They are all of good size for fancy work,** and are of **priceless value** for making Crazy Quilts, Drapes, Sofa Pillows, Tidies, Piano Cushions, etc. The variety of colors and designs is almost endless. They are of **every conceivable pattern;** plaids, polka dots, stripes, checks, etc., etc., **all of the handsomest and brightest colors.** Of the many dozens contained in each package **no two pieces are alike.** Having purchased the entire output of Remnants from all the Canadian tie factories, we are at present offering the Lady readers of this paper **the greatest bargain in choice rich silk remnants ever heard of. WE POSITIVELY GUARANTEE ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION. Each package contains over** 600 square inches. Price, postpaid, 1 package, 15c.; 2—25c.; 3—35c.; 5—50c. Mail Order Supply Co., Box **401** Toronto

Face to Face with the Man in the Moon. Special 60 Day Offer to introduce this large, powerful Achromatic Telescope

Needed on Sea, Farm and Ranch. Made by the largest manufacturer in Europe, measures nearly 3 ft. when open, is fitted with powerful lenses scientifically ground and adjusted, has brass bound tubes, and is provided at both ends with brass dust caps. It brings to view objects miles away with astonishing clearness. Read what Coat me a say:—HACKETTS, ONT., Nov. 4 h, 1901. "I received the 99c. Telescope all right. It is a dandy. I would not take three times what I paid for it, if I could not get another one like it." ALTA FROOM. MONCTON, N. B., Jan. 28th, 1902. "I am very much pleased with the Telescope." DANIEL R. MATTHEWS. CHELSEA CK, N.C., March 3rd 1902. "It brings objects miles away very near to me." BRANTH Glasses. These ones of this size have formerly sold at from $5.00 to $10.00. **Special Introductory Price, only 99c. postpaid.** A grand bargain. Don't miss it. The Mail Order Supply Co., **401** Toronto.



FREE STEEL AIR RIFLE

Given for selling only 11 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. This Rifle is of the best make and model, with nickel barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for seeds. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Rifle. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once. Our Sweet Pea packages sell themselves. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 447 TORONTO.**

RIBBON BARGAINS

Having recently secured an immense stock of Ribbons from a manufacturer in London, England, we are now offering the lady readers of this paper **astonishing bargains** in choice rich Remnants, at from **one to three yards long** and up to **3 inches wide,** finest quality, Crown edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot edge, Satin edge, Silk Brocades, Stripe Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths suitable for Bonnet Strings, neckwear, trimmings for Hats and dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc., all first class. **Their cheapness will astonish you. We guarantee satisfaction. Mrs. Walter Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "Your box of ribbons received, and I must say I am well pleased with them. I consider them the cheapest bargain I ever got." **Don't miss this chance.** Carefully packed in boxes and sent postpaid, 25c. a box, or 3 boxes for 50c. **Mail Order Supply Co., Box 401 Toronto.**

FREE 44-Piece China Tea Set

12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated. **A Regular $5.00 Set. Given absolutely free** for selling at 15c. each, only 3 doz. Jewelry Coronation Scarf Pins, decorated in many bright colors, with a beautiful Portrait of His Majesty King Edward VII. in full military dress. **Everybody buys. They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return the money and we ship this magnificent 44-piece Tea Set. **THE MAXWELL CO., BOX 456 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE FREE BICYCLE FREE

Lady's or Gent's. Don't pay a cent for a good safety bicycle **when you can get one good as new for nothing. We are giving them away absolutely free** for selling at 15c. each only 6 doz. stylish Gold Topped Hat Pins, beautifully designed and set with handsome sparkling imitation Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies, etc. They go like wildfire. ALBERT GOLDTOSS, BRANDON, MAN., says: "The Hat Pins sell like hot cakes." **Our Bicycles are a marvel of strength and beauty. The biggest dealer in the country could not furnish you with their equal now at less than $50.00.** They have seamless steel tube enamelled frames, excellent Pneumatic tires, comfortable saddle, neat handle bars and genuine ball bearings throughout. **Every wheel we send out is fully guaranteed. Here is a chance of a lifetime. Don't miss it.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will ship you a splendid Lady's or Gent's Bicycle same day money is received. All we ask is that you will show it to all your friends and tell them how you got it. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 471 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling at 15c. each only 4 Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return the money, and we send this well-made real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., all charges paid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 445 Toronto, Ontario.**

FREE

We give this reliable Boy's Watch for selling 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10 cts each; or this dainty and accurate Ladies' Watch with ornamented dial and gold hands for selling 3 dozen. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant varieties of all colors. Write and we mail seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your watch postpaid. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once THE PRIZE SEED CO., Box **459** Toronto.

FREE—TOY GRAPHOPHONE

American Model, made entirely of metal, with silver colored record 6-inch brass horn, and regulating fan. Runs by clock-work and plays a pretty music-box selection. **Given for selling** at 15c. each only **4** stylish Gold Topped Hat Pins, set with superb sparkling imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. They look worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will send this wonderful Graphophone, postpaid. **The Jewelry Co., Box 443 Toronto.**

FREE

5 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring, given for selling at **15c.** each, only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return $1.05 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Jewelry Co., Box 466, Toronto.

FREE

New Princess Bracelet, elegant design consisting of 88 large beautiful imitation Pearls 48 splendid deep blue Imitation Turquoise and a superb medallion of a beautiful Cherub in colors in a fancy Gold setting. Given for selling only 6 large beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return 60c. and we mail this superb Bracelet. Rose Perfume Co., Box **452** Toronto.

FREE OPALS AND RUBIES

Elegantly engraved Gold-laid Ring, set with 3 large beautiful imitation **Opals,** showing all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, and 4 exquisitely cut fiery, flashing **Rubies.** A magnificent piece of jewelry. Looks well worth $5.00. Given for selling at 10c. each, only 1 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea seeds, each package containing 42 of the largest flowering and most fragrant varieties. They sell like hot cakes. Write for seeds, sell them, return $1.20, and we mail this superb Ring in a velvet box. **Prize Seed Co.,** Box **449** Toronto